The Nation.

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The Week.

If Aguinaldo is the educated and cosmopolitan man he has been represented to be, he will now surrender on the best terms he can get. We have his "capital," and did the Austrian Emperor hold out after Napoleon was in Vienna? Aguinaldo may point out that it cost Napoleon 50,000 men to capture Vienna, while we took Malolos with the loss of only one man killed; but that only shows how irresistible we are. We greatly fear, however, that Aguinaldo has already got another capital one day's march farther in the jungle. Wherever he pitches his tent, there is his capital. Public buildings, the archives, the diplomatic correspondence, can all, we suppose, be carried on the backs of two moderately robust Tagals. So we may yet have to capture a half-dozen more Philippine capitals. But we warn Aguinaldo that, if he does not now yield as a civilized man should when his capital is lost, he will be severely criticised by some of our best minds.

There is no lack of predictions of what Aguinaldo will do now, and what the Filipinos will do, but of positive knowledge the American authorities both at Manila and Washington seem to have very little. It is one of the disadvantages plainly to be foreseen in dealing with Malays and Moros, that their minds do not work like the American mind. They are often governed by motives which appear to us to be the height of absurdity, but which are to them the purest light of reason. We should never think of going on with a war after our "capital" was taken, and a superior force was chasing us through the jungle. But, for all we know, that is the very thing to encourage the Filipinos to go on. Agoncillo says it is, and that they have another capital just as good as Malolos. The fighting may come to an end to-morrow, or it may go on for ten years. Nobody knows. The jauntiest imperialist now confesses his ignorance. But it is that lamentable confession of ignorance which comes after the fact, which makes us sadder and wiser, but does not in the least help us out of our scrape.

We are getting new ideas out of our Philippine experiences on a great many subjects nowadays. For one thing, we are learning what wretchedly inefficient old fogies the managers of our missionary enterprises have always been. The approved modern system, which we are substituting for the slow-going methods of the "back-number" societies, is thus set forth by one of its champions, the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia:

> "Christ is the solution for the difficulty regarding national expansion. There never was a more manifest providence than the waving of Old Glory over the Philippines. The only thing we can do is to thrash the natives until they understand who we are. I believe every bullet sent, every cannon shot, every flag waved means righteousness. When we have conquered anarchy, then is the time to send the Christ there."

A graphic picture of the way we are making the natives "understand who we are" is drawn in the report published on Friday from F. A. Blake of California, who is in charge of the Red Cross work at Manila. He wrote just a week after the fighting actually commenced in February, and he thus describes the scene at the end of the first day's operations:

> "I never saw such execution in my life, and hope never to see such sights as met me on all sides as our little corps passed over the field, dressing wounded—legs and arms nearly demolished, total decapitation, horrible wounds in chests and abdomens, *showing the determination of our soldiers to kill every native in sight.* The Filipinos did stand their ground heroically, contesting every inch, but proved themselves unable to stand the deadly fire of our well-trained and eager boys in blue. I counted seventy-nine dead natives in one small field, and learn that on the other side of the river their bodies were stacked up for breastworks."

The Samoan squabble is a petty affair in itself, and will probably lead to no serious international consequences; but it is a "miserable tangle," as a London paper called it two months ago, and vividly illustrates the difficulties of this new style of long-range government of natives who do not want to be governed, upon which Uncle Sam has vain-gloriously embarked. Such a venture was flatly declared by Mr. Blaine himself in 1889 to be "not in harmony with the established policy of this government"; and the question which Secretary Gresham asked in 1894 seems doubly pertinent to-day, "What have we gained beyond the expenses, the responsibilities, and the entanglements?" Well, an English Tory and Jingo newspaper tells us what we have gained. It says that the only bright spot in the whole miserable business is that the Americans and the British "fought splendidly" together. What canting nonsense! To stay safely on board cruisers lying off shore and to shell the forest where the natives were in hiding, to burn villages, and to reduce to poverty the women and children who may have escaped our fire with their lives—this is the modern *gaudium certaminis*, the crowded hour of glorious life reserved for imperialists and missionaries of civilization! It is an old story for the English. They are familiar with "punitive expeditions," and executions which they call a battle. But it is a new thing for Americans, and they cannot be blamed for being a little squeamish over the business as yet. In time we may hope to slaughter helpless human beings as nonchalantly as Rosas or Abdul Hamid or the Mahdi.

It seems the Hawaiians are pleased to have got off from the American Congress as well as they did. They got nothing in the way of positive action, except the extension of the American navigation laws to their islands, but negatively they were at least left alone for the present with their own immigration laws. The *Hawaiian Gazette* is jubilant over this fact. It says that, notwithstanding the fact that 11,200 male Japanese laborers were imported between January 1, 1898, and March 1, 1899, "there is still need of about 10,000 more." If Congress had extended American immigration laws to Hawaii it would have produced "a serious crisis in the labor market." As it is, there will be time for a "general stocking-up of the plantations with an abundance of Japanese laborers," so that there will be "an easy labor market for several years to come."

Here is frankly revealed a situation to make the hair of American "labor" stand on end. An "easy labor market" in the Hawaiian islands means, of course, a market flooded with coolies. What becomes, then, of all the talk about the new field for American labor in Hawaii? We were told, labor leaders were told, that there were only 25,000 Japanese in all the islands, yet here we see 21,000 more brought in since annexation to take the bread out of the mouths of Americans. If the laboring people of the Pacific Coast dreaded the free competition of 50,000 Chinese and Japanese in Hawaii, how will they like it to see that number increased by one-half before it is possible for our restrictive laws to be applied? Perhaps it will not increase their pleasure at the situation to know whom they have to thank for it. It is Senator Morgan. Our immigration laws would have been extended to Hawaii by Congress but for his objection. He said he would force an extra session rather than see the prospects of the Hawaiian planters blasted by cutting off their labor supply. In the slaveholder's language of the *Hawaiian Gazette*, he wanted to see a "general stocking-up" with Japanese labor. This was natural enough in an Alabama Senator, left over from slavery days. But what do New Englanders think of it? What does Senator Hoar think of it, with his known aversion to going to "foreign soil" and ruling "subject races"? Doesn't he wish now that

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he had withstood the evil in its beginnings, and voted against Hawaiian annexation, as his present avowed principles would require him to have done?

Eagan appeared before the beef court of inquiry last week in subdued frame. Some furious profanity of his, directed against the soldiers who would not eat his rotten beef, was reported by another witness, but he himself did not emit one single curse, even when under Major Lee's very suggestive cross-examination. Eagan's famous "clerical error" in the beef contracts he now admits to have been his own. He had forgotten it. It will cost the Government thousands of dollars when the contractors prosecute their claims, but let that pass. Eagan was so overwhelmed with work at the time that really he couldn't remember what he did. His memory, in fact, was very bad about the details of many of his transactions. He fenced rather clumsily when asked if he let any contracts under direction of the Secretary of War, but finally admitted that "on one occasion" the Secretary sent for him to "ask about the contracts." There were two other gentlemen in the room at the time.

Why does not the Court of Inquiry put Gen. Eagan on the stand once more and ask him why it was he was obliged to give the beef contracts to the canning and refrigerating firms? Another witness was before the Court on Saturday who testified that Eagan had said that he was not a free agent in the matter. This was the contractor who is at present supplying beef on the hoof to the army in Cuba, with excellent results. He testified that he was a personal acquaintance of Eagan's, and that in June last Eagan had telegraphed to him to come to Washington; that he saw Eagan and told him he considered it impossible to use refrigerated beef in Cuba, and that Eagan replied that he "must purchase it, but did not indicate that this position was taken at the instance of any superior official." At whose instance was it taken? Eagan should be given a chance to answer that question.

There is one matter connected with the baggage abuse concerning which we think the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Spaulding, might still further amend the regulations, without in any way disregarding the statute, and that is changing the mode of appraising the articles of personal clothing purchased abroad by Americans under the $100 clause. In a vast number of cases, Americans buy the clothing abroad immediately after going over, and wear it more or less during the summer. If they wear it even one day, it becomes second-hand and loses one-half or two-thirds of its value. In fact, it would not be salable at all, except to an old-clothes dealer. A fifty-dollar suit worn even once in England would, when it reached the New York custom-house, be worth only twenty dollars at most; the passenger should not, therefore, be called on to pay duty on what it cost him, but on what it is worth. Personal clothing differs in this way from most other articles, china, pictures, furniture, carpets, which lose none of their value in transit, and are sure not to be used until the traveller reaches his destination. We know of a case in which a lady, having bought a hundred-dollar Paris dress, was plunged into mourning before she reached home, and had to sell the dress, but only got twenty-five dollars for it, though it had never been worn. Now, unless we are greatly mistaken, the Assistant Secretary can modify the regulation by ordering that personal clothing shall pay duty only on its actual value on the wharf. Of course, the humiliation of having to pay a tax from which the foreigner is exempt, is for the American citizen returning home very great, and cannot be got rid of, but the pecuniary injury can be lessened in this way, if the Treasury pleases.

There is something refreshing about the directness with which public indignation in Delaware strikes at the mark. One Democratic Senator and two Democratic Representatives voted for Addicks, the gas speculator, for United States Senator, on the last day of the session under circumstances which warranted the belief that they had been bought. The Democratic State central committee on March 29 unanimously adopted resolutions denouncing these three men for their action; calling upon them to resign their offices as State Senator and Representative respectively; declaring that "it is the general opinion that Farlow, King, and Clark were corruptly influenced to vote for J. Edward Addicks"; and tendering the support of the organization, individually and financially, to the State authorities to assist in ferreting out all frauds or bribery in connection with the last session of the Legislature. It is a long time since the "organization" of any party did a better day's work than this.

At Harrisburg, disclosures of attempted bribery have been made before the legislative investigating committee. Laubach, a Representative from Philadelphia, testified that one Jones asked him to support Quay, and, upon his replying that he could not, because the convention which had nominated him instructed him to oppose Quay, the intermediary said that "if I would vote for Senator Quay, I could have a good place, either the chief clerkship in the Mint or in the Custom-house." Representative Brown of Union County testified that, on the evening before the first vote for Senator, Congressman Kulp, a supporter of Quay, invited him to call upon Quay, and when he refused, offered him first $200 and then $300 if he would go away the next day and not attend the joint convention of the two branches of the Legislature. "Finally he said: 'Of course, if you go right in and vote for Quay, the price would be altogether different.'" Brown's testimony is particularly important, because he said that he had known Congressman Kulp for a great many years, and they had always been friends.

The passage by the New York Senate of the bill that puts back into our civil-service laws the "starch" which Gov. Black took out of them, is a triumph for Gov. Roosevelt, though we regret exceedingly that he could not have won it without forming so close an alliance with Platt. If the Assembly passes it, as there seems to be no doubt it will, the most conspicuous and cherished achievement of Black's administration will be undone. He had more interest in this cause than any other, and the only solace which accompanied his precipitate return to private life was the thought that, whatever else he had succeeded in doing, he had dealt "Pharisaical civil service" a deadly blow. It was common sympathy on this point which brought him and the thoughtful Abe Gruber together and induced them to join forces in the practice of law. The grief of the two at seeing not only the old starch restored, but a new amount added, and added also at the instigation of the civil-service reformers themselves, must be entirely unspeakable.

Yellow journalism has been illustrated once more, in the treatment of a murder trial in Connecticut, and has received its deserts at the hands of a court. During the earlier days of this trial at Bridgeport one of our sensational New York newspapers published "spicy" reports of the proceedings, with the name of the writer over each article. The attention of Judge Wheeler was called to the matter, and he summoned the "journalist" before him to answer to a charge of contempt of court. The reporter declared that he was not the author of some of the matter which appeared under his signature, and denied responsibility for the untruthful and offensive illustrations which appeared in connection with his reports. But the Judge took the precaution to get the "copy" of all the fellow's dispatches from the telegraph-office, and found that the parts of the stories which he had denied writing had been written by him, as also that he had sent telegrams to his paper describing what kind of sketches should be made. He was thus shown to have lied, and he followed up

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this performance by failing to appear in court as he had agreed to do to answer to any requirement which the Judge might make in regard to him. Judge Wheeler thereupon rendered his decision that "said articles were unfair accounts of said cause on trial, unduly interfered with the administration of justice, and were calculated to prejudice the jury and the public as to the merits of the cause on trial, and that said articles are in whole and in the facts referred to contempts of court, and that said Smith has not purged himself of them."

In fixing the penalty for this journalist's crime, the Judge said that it was not his intention to inflict harsh punishment, all that the court sought to prevent being unfair treatment of a cause on trial, and of those either responsible for the conduct of the trial or compelled by process of law to be present at the trial. He added that the court recognized that the offender was a subordinate and under instructions, writing for pay, and that primarily his superiors were responsible for the character of his work; as also that he was following a practice which has for a few years past prevailed with certain newspapers. But the Judge also perceived and confessed that the courts are responsible for this practice to a great degree by the immunity which they have granted to the offenders. "The reason these abuses in the publication of court proceedings exist," said the Judge, "is largely the fault of the courts themselves in not having long since stopped them." His conclusion was that the lying reporter was "guilty of contempt of court, and that he pay a fine of $50, and be imprisoned at the county jail at Bridgeport for a term of five days, and that he be committed to said jail and confined therein until this judgment is complied with, or until he is discharged by order of this court or otherwise by due process of law." Of course, the journalist will take pains to keep out of the jurisdiction of the court, and so will escape punishment.

Spain's internal affairs look more promising than for some years past. The Carlists seem to have made themselves ridiculous, and to be out of the running; a military dictatorship appears to have been made unlikely by the fact that each political party has secured its share of the more influential politico-generals; and the new Conservative Government goes on gathering strength and public favor. On March 10, Premier Silvela received the delegates of the United Chambers of Commerce, and told them that their views of the proper policy for the country agreed in all essential points with his own. Their programme includes reforms and reductions in the army and navy; political purification by means of a law forbidding members of the Cortes to be connected with the directorship of railway companies, Government monopolies, or any undertakings aided by state funds; revision of railway rates and agricultural taxation; reforms in public instruction; and, in financial affairs, a clear statement of the public debt, the reduction of public expenditures, and a currency based on coin. The delegation of merchants were much pleased with Silvela's attitude, and have offered him their hearty support in the work of reorganizing the country. But his task is a hard one. Inveterate evils and political animosities are not to be extinguished in a day. Already a furious outcry has been raised against Gen. Polavieja, the new Secretary of War against whom the somewhat novel charge is brought that he is not a soldier, but a monk.

The confounded taxpayers who have to pay the bills of imperialism are making no end of fuss in France and England as well as in this country. The Taxpayers' League of France has issued a statement showing the enormous increase in public expenditures, year by year, a large part of which is due to disastrous ventures in colonization. In the twenty-five years since 1874 the French budget has been swollen by $170,000,000, or an average increase of $7,000,000 a year. One result is a per-capita taxation in France greater by far than that of any other civilized country. Much the same story of expenses mounting ever higher was told by the new Liberal leader in the House, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his speech at Hull the other day. His parliamentary experience covers thirty years. In 1868 the expenditure of the country was $350,000,000. Last year it was $580,000,000, and the notable thing is that more than half of this great increase has come within the past ten years, when new imperial expenses, including vast outlay on the navy, have made such large demands on the national purse. Sir Henry declared it to be the duty of the Liberals to oppose granting one needless penny, and to remember that though England's resources were immense they were not unlimited.

A leaf has been taken out of our book by the Indian Government, a countervailing sugar-duty having just been put into effect. This duty, our readers will understand, is a tax upon sugar imported from countries which pay a bounty on sugar, the intention being to have a surtax just equal to the bounty. It is, of course, a protectionist measure in essence. It has been urged upon the English Government again and again in the interest of West Indian sugar-growers. One of the favorite contentions of Sir H. Vincent and his indefatigable band of protectionists masquerading under the name of "fair-traders," has long been that England should adopt the principle of the countervailing sugar-duty. Mr. Chamberlain has been understood to favor it, privately though not officially. But it has been quite impossible to get any government, even a Conservative Ministry, to adopt the doctrine of countervailing duties. Only the other day, Lord Selborne, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, declared that anybody who thought England would ever come over to that protectionist idea was living in a fool's paradise; and he added that "many who supported the present Government would not accept the principle of countervailing duties." Yet suddenly the Secretary for India announces that the principle has been accepted for the Indian Empire. And he bluntly put the case in its most objectionable protectionist form. The object of the measure, he said, was "to prevent a vast indigenous trade in India, based on free enterprise and industry, from being undermined by the subsidized products of foreign countries." Moreover, the measure has been put into force without a pretence of consulting the House of Commons. The thing was done by the naked fiat of the Indian Government and the Secretary of State for India.

We are afraid the people in the Balkan States are going to suffer as the Greeks and Armenians suffered, from the fear of the Powers of a general war. The condition of Macedonia is no worse to-day than it was twenty years ago, no worse than the condition of a discontented Christian population under Turkish rule must always be. The probabilities are that, for this reason, Bulgaria has of late been steadily warned by the European Powers that it is not to expect support if it begins hostilities. Greece had good reason to look for intervention when she broke out in 1897, but a new factor has appeared in the calculation, in the person of the Emperor William, who undoubtedly had the Turkish trip and the Turkish *entente cordiale* already in his mind, and was determined that nothing should interfere with them. He it was who, with a baseness and heathenism which has had few parallels in European history, dried up the fountains of European pity for the Armenians, and with astounding cynicism gave the right hand of fellowship to the great "Assassin" at Constantinople. He it was who threw the chill over the Cretan interference, and brought about the ridiculous rôle which the fleets so long played at that island. We doubt if they would not be there to-day, playing the same rôle, if the Turks had been able to refrain any longer from their favorite amusement of massacre. In an evil hour for them they took to massacring English soldiers, and this was more than even Lord Salisbury could stand, so the Admiral hanged eight of them, and said the rest must go.

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THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY.

It is folly to suppose that the President is now restrained from any course by the fear of losing his popularity, when we consider the absolute immunity from criticism which his admirers have hitherto accorded him. A month or two ago, we privately pressed one of his most distinguished eulogists for some account of the facts which instigated or justified the flattery, holding that gratuitous praise of an elective magistrate who was seeking reëlection, was a sin against the state. The answer we got was that Mr. McKinley had been in power while great events were occurring, which simply put him in the same category with Croker and Platt. This was another illustration of the bewildering effects of war. In the half-drunken condition into which war plunges about half the population, anybody who has anything to do with the war, if he be only a coal-passer in one of the war-vessels, becomes almost an object of worship, no matter how he may have performed his duties. After nine months of failure in every department of the Government, President McKinley is as bold in his disregard of public opinion as he was before there had been any Alger or Eagan scandals.

We do not believe there is any calm observer of events, in either hemisphere, who does not now at least begin to perceive the impossibility of carrying on a colonial policy and distant wars without the presence at the seat of power of a stable and responsible Executive. The Boston *Herald*, one of the newspapers which in the beginning opposed the expansionist policy, but afterwards went over to it to avoid "getting left," now recognizes the immense difficulty of carrying out such a policy with such a government as ours. There is a large and growing party opposed to our war, but neither it nor the party which believes in it has the slightest control over it, or could stop it if it wished. According to all precedents of constitutional history, the Legislature, as the leading power in the state which alone can settle every issue, ought to be in session, ready to be consulted about every event of the day. In England, for instance, Parliament would now be sitting, open to daily questions about all that was going on, and the ministry would be liable to dismissal from office by an adverse vote if the events of the war had turned public opinion against it, as in the case of Lord North during the American war. The same is true of all the constitutionally governed English colonies, of France, Italy, and Belgium. The people of all these countries can stop a war at once, or make its promoters tell them what they propose to do about it.

We have no such power. William McKinley is telling us every day how diligently he is listening to "the voice of the people," but he takes every possible care to prevent this voice reaching him through any organized legal channel. He might, had he any proper sense of his responsibility, have called a special session of Congress to advise him, and transmit the voice of the people to him day by day; but he has used all the power he has to prevent any such meeting, so that the voice of the people cannot possibly get to him except through his own family prayers or the chatter of his own cronies.

Some people may think that the press will do for this purpose as well as a legislature, but we must remember that the opinion of newspapers has no legal force, and that the American press has been rendered useless to the executive, as an exponent of public opinion, by the system of corruption begun by Jackson and so vigorously denounced by Daniel Webster; that is, the system of buying the editor's silence or his approval by the bestowal or promise of office. This system is now so firmly established that it excites no remark. The two papers which are to-day most likely to influence Mr. McKinley, are edited by men who are either now in his paid employ or have recently been, or have shared in the transactions which the public might wish to condemn. In short, he is as completely master of events; and may bid as much defiance to public opinion, as the Czar of Russia, for the next half year. Moreover, the public has seen him prepare this very situation for himself, and make arrangements that he shall not be disturbed in it. The two newspapers to which we have just referred, lent him all the aid possible in keeping Congress out of power until next December.

Then consider the question of responsibility. When we remember the number of people who half a year ago were "hollering" for "responsibility" with regard to brown men, and the duty of killing a few so as to save their souls, like the Spanish Inquisition, should we not expect that Congress would be in session to-day, working like beavers over plans of government for these new subjects, that the brave McKinley would be worn to a skeleton reflecting on the problem, and the "glory-crowned" Griggs would be living laborious days about it? Well, what is Mr. McKinley doing? Drafting schemes of colonial government? Not much, as the boys say; his days and nights are given simply to the "getting of delegates" to the next national convention with a zeal and diligence never surpassed. We have made careful inquiry, but we have not been able to hear of a single human being "in this broad land," as the Congressmen say, who is spending five minutes in preparation of machinery to do anything to the brown men, except kill them and burn their houses. The whole situation is, in fact, unparalleled in the history of constitutional liberty, and it results from an attempt to use our form of government for a purpose for which it was never intended, and for which an entirely different form would be necessary.

INVESTIGATIONS.

We have always maintained that a genuine investigation of our municipal affairs was a useful and timely proceeding under any Tammany administration. There is no other method by which the inner workings of corrupt government can be brought to light; and until they are brought to light, it is impossible to induce the public generally to take any interest whatever in their existence. We have never succeeded in getting relief from corrupt government until we have made such plain revelation of it as to arouse not only the indignation, but the shame of our citizens. When its utter vileness is held up to the gaze of the world, and we are held up as submitting to the disgrace of it, then we revolt and take sufficient trouble, in one election at least, to overthrow it.

We have no doubt that a genuine investigation at the present time would make startling revelations in more than one of our municipal departments, and especially in that of the police, but the investigation which the Assembly has authorized has no appearance of being anything of this sort. It is the personal invention of Boss Platt, who desires to use it for purposes of his own. The man at the head of it, Assemblyman Mazet, is a mere Platt dummy, with no qualifications for the task, who would conduct the inquiry entirely as the boss directed him to. If it reached a point at which the boss could obtain what he desired from Tammany by "hauling off" the investigation, it would be hauled off, and the only result would be that instead of bad government for the benefit of one boss we should have bad government for the benefit of two. In other words, an investigation of the kind proposed at Albany is nothing but a "strike" for terms. It would lead to no real exposure and no reforms, but it might lead to Boss Platt's obtaining from Boss Croker a more satisfactory share in the spoils of the city which he helped Croker to get possession of by running Gen. Tracy for Mayor in 1897.

It is beside the mark to point to the Lexow inquiry as evidence of what might be secured through a Legislative Committee now. The Lexow inquiry was a flat failure so long as it remained under the control of Platt. He had as "counsel" a lawyer from "up the State" who was finding out nothing about the police that Tammany could object to. It was only when the Chamber of Commerce came to the front with $25,000 and with Mr. Goff as counsel that the inquiry became an earnest one, and really began to find out something. If it had

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remained in Platt's hands, nothing of the hideous mass of corruption, blackmail, and joint-partnership with crime, the disclosure of which drove Tammany from power, would have been revealed. Like the many investigations which preceded it, it would have been "hauled off" just as soon as the basis for a bargain between the two bosses had been reached.

Undoubtedly one of Platt's objects now is to get on the track of the members of his machine in the Senate who have "set up for themselves," and are in a fair way of doing a fine business on their own account with the legislation of the session. If he could scare them into subjection by threatening to reveal their sources of revenue, he would save his machine from serious peril. It is impossible, of course, for a boss to do an exclusive legislation business in return for contributions from corporations, if two or three members of the Legislature can set up in the same business for themselves. The system falls to the ground the minute such breaches of discipline as this become possible. The boss must be the "whole thing," or else how can he collect his revenues? This is the crisis which has summoned Platt to Albany, and it is not surprising that he is aroused to unwonted energy by it. Unless he can demonstrate that his power over the Republican majority in the Legislature is supreme, he cannot hold his machine together for another campaign. Its sources of revenue will be stopped almost completely.

We count it a great public misfortune that in this work of seeking to preserve his infamous system of government from destruction he should be using the Governor's rooms at the Capitol as his base of operations. He has been sitting there daily, apparently in company with the Governor, summoning recalcitrant members before him for persuasion. If the Governor thinks he can appear in the public eye in this company and not suffer contamination, he is very much mistaken. It would be far better for him to have every measure before the Legislature fail than to have even good measures pass under such conditions as these. We do not for a moment believe that personally he will allow Platt's presence to influence his course on any question of legislation, but the fact remains that by admitting Platt to such intimate social and official association with himself at a crisis like this, he recognizes Platt's system of political control as a proper one, and thus makes himself a party to its exercise and continuance. How can he, honest man and upright and fearless defender of good government that he is, fail to see that there has never been in this country a more deadly enemy of popular government than Tom Platt? How can he fail to see what Platt's system rests upon, and to what it has reduced constitutional government in this State?

THE ALLIANCE IMPERILLED.

Our far-famed *entente* with England grew out of the Spanish war; that war is not yet technically over, but the sudden swearing of eternal friendship with our secular enemy already begins to look as if it were but the prelude to bitterer hostility than ever. Some of the attacks on the English alliance are rich in humor—being largely Irish, they could not be otherwise. Last week, for example, that Friendly Son of St. Patrick, Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, was ignominiously cast out of the Irish National Federation of America. The reason alleged in the swingeing "whereas" and "resolved" adopted was that Justice O'Brien had "given currency to the falsehood that England prevented a concert of European Powers against this country at the outbreak of the war with Spain." No Federated Irishman can be caught in such a "covert attempt to mislead public opinion in America" without suffering for it, and a Federated Irishman Justice O'Brien no longer is.

Even more truculent, and unconsciously amusing, were the simultaneous proceedings of the German-American citizens of Chicago. They had the coöperation by telegram of distant but sympathetic Irishmen. The Gaelic Society of New York telegraphed its sympathy in "your protest against English conspiracy and slander." One ardent Irish leader sent his greetings and came directly to the point in the words, "England, not the Continent, is the real enemy of America." Major McCrystal, of the gallant Sixty-ninth, tearfully implored every true-hearted American not to "forget his country for the smiles and pelf of Britain." And the resolutions rose nobly to the height of the great argument, denouncing those who would "drag" this country into an alliance with England; declaring that German Codlin is the true friend, not British Short; and announcing the readiness of the embattled German-Americans at all times, "*especially in political campaigns*," to oppose all who "labor to entangle our country in an alliance with England." Finally, the resolutions record a solemn objection to the American people being called any longer Anglo-Saxons. We must cast out the unclean thing from among us, even when it takes the alluring and apparently harmless form of "Anglo." Teutons we must call ourselves, we suppose, or Jutes—but as for Anglo-Saxon, let it henceforth be not so much as named among us.

Many other signs might be mentioned of the fresh fury against England which has been roused by all this sentimental talk of hands across the sea. There is evidence, too, that the Nationalist leaders of Ireland are taking a deep interest in the revival of American hatred for England. The only hand they wish to see Americans reach across the sea is a hand with a dynamite bomb in it for the English oppressor, or, at any rate, a contribution to the Nationalist party purse. The Irish leaders defeated the arbitration treaty with England two years ago by political threats, and why should they doubt that they can smash the *entente* in a similar way? The conference being held in Dublin as we write, in an attempt to unite Irish factions and start another formidable agrarian agitation in Ireland, will doubtless have some pointed things to say on this subject, destined to fire the Irish-American heart and to set our politicians to vowing again that they always did and always will hate England.

As for the service England did this country at the outbreak of the war with Spain, we think the evidence is conclusive that it was great and vital. If not, why did Mr. McKinley tell the correspondent of the London *Times*, almost tearfully, to cable to England that "America will never forget" her debt to Great Britain? Why should Ambassador Choate have taken the first occasion to speak of the "forbearance and good feeling" which England has shown the United States? The aid rendered by England is not a fiction, not a blown surmise. Mr. Balfour knows, and has broadly intimated in a public speech, what he did for us in our emergency. But if he thinks, or any Englishman thinks, that all this is going to make any difference with our politicians, he is on a most perilous foundation of belief. The whole thing was too sudden, too effusive, too accidental. Habits of a generation, the whole trend of national tradition, are not to be transformed over night, nor are the political watchwords of years to be blotted out in a day. We venture to say that if the Irish-Americans, or the German-Americans, or the Turco-Americans can bring to bear on our party leaders a sufficient political motive to induce them to resume their ululations against England, we shall hear howls which will be all the more dire and firmament-rending for the temporary silence of the last year.

Englishmen have before them at this moment a significant illustration of the hollowness and improvised and unstable character of the much talked-of good understanding between the two countries. Their newspapers are busy reviewing Senator Lodge's 'Story of the Revolution.' The critics are a little puzzled by the book. Through the first nine-tenths of it the author bangs and bethumps the English in the familiar old ward-caucus style. But at the very end he suddenly turns square about, and gushes over England as extravagantly as he had before abused her. Now, does this mean that the great Lodge had been soundly converted? Not at all; it simply means

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that he had caught up the trick of utterance common when he was finishing his gigantic historical labors, just as he similarly caught it up at the beginning of them. When he began to write, it was the fashion to curse England, and he cursed her soundly. When he ended, everybody was falling on England's neck, and he fell blubbering with the rest. But was there in him or in the rest a glimmering of an idea of the real reason for a tacit alliance with England—intimate trade relations, common political institutions, joint inheritance of moral and literary standards, and a feeling that past traditions and future destiny knit us together? Nothing of the kind. The whole thing was just a bit of gushing sentiment which may easily be as passing as was the mere accident that set it sillily adrip. The conversion was suspiciously sudden. The repentant sinner was only a "rice-Christian," penitent for value received; and as soon as the heathen crops are good once more, an unblushing and roaring heathen he will be again.

GOOD AMERICANS IN TROUBLE.

We could wish that the Pope's condemnation of "Americanism" had ended the matter. Good Catholics as a general rule promptly made their submission as soon as they heard that his Holiness did not approve of their doctrines. There was one in particular which gave offence to European Catholics, and that was the preference of the Good Americans for the active over the passive virtues. The European Good Catholics, as a general rule, prefer the passive. They have a great fondness for simple meditation, for the quiet of monastic life, in which the day is passed in prayer and reflection on mysteries. A devout writer in the *Revue Diplomatique* has been engaged in a series of articles on "Americanism," which he has just brought to a close, after pointing out in them in a masterly manner the error of the Good Americans on this subject, by means of a sort of running commentary on the Pope's Apostolic Letter. He shows that this contempt for the religious profession "reveals among the Americans, not only a deplorable tendency to rebel against the dearest traditions of the Catholic Church, but also a complete ignorance of the nature and value of vows." The Good Americans have evidently considered vows a mere cover for spiritual indolence, and as affording no place for the tendency to "hustle" which they feel so strongly. "An eminent prelate" shows, on the other hand, that "vows are simply the very best guarantee of individual liberty." How can this be, the Good American will ask, under monastic rule? Nothing simpler. The rule leaves him "free for the constant doing of good." He ought not to desire liberty for any other purpose. We are extremely sorry to learn that one design of the praises the Americans heap on the Paulist Fathers, according to this writer, is simply to throw discredit on the regular congregations; or, in other words, on the passive Fathers.

We have long felt that this difficulty which the writer sets forth would arise whenever Good Americans took up Catholicism. There is no people in the world less disposed to meditation. In secular life, even, they are unwilling to give to it as much as is needed for the proper transaction of ordinary business. Even war needs meditation, or what the Scripture calls "counting the cost," or, in other words, forecasting what will be needed when the war begins. But this is something which you cannot get the average American to submit to. Yet there is nothing earthly which needs more reflection than war. Last spring it did not receive even one week of reflection. Now Catholicism, and the denominations which most resemble Catholicism, attach enormous importance to meditation, to concentrating the thoughts on other things than action, on simple "mysteries," or, in other words, on things to be believed but not examined. This makes it very unsuited to the American temperament. Americans, even those who are attracted by the Catholic faith, are radically disinclined to throw themselves into the Catholic state of mind. They want to do to the creed, when they embrace it, what some one in Chicago said Chicago would do to "culture" when it took it up, "make it hum." No Good American wants to ponder on verities, or pass much time in silent prayer. He wants to be up and doing something which will test at once the efficacy of the prayer—a little fighting, for instance, or "communication of the blessings of civilization" to heathen. Not only the monastic system, but the ordinary Catholic devotions, are a little unsatisfactory to him. Prayer plays a very important part in Catholic worship—so important that in Italy one must almost carry it on while attending to ordinary secular business. To this the American can with great difficulty reconcile himself. If prayer becomes a spiritual help of this kind to him, he wants to work it somehow into his business, to help his "spring sales," or enable him to get rid of his fall overcoats.

Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the Good Americans have openly expressed their dissatisfaction with the present mode of converting people to Catholicism. What the cause of their dissatisfaction is, we do not exactly know; but this writer in the *Revue Diplomatique* says that "they say that the means employed up to the present for the conversion of non-Catholics do not meet the exigencies of the times, and that resort must be had to new ones." Think of proposing "up-to-date methods" of conversion to the Pope! The Sovereign Pontiff is, however, ready for them. He overwhelms them with "the teachings of the fathers," just as Mr. Howell of the Treasury overwhelmed us with the law when we complained of custom-house outrages. In other words, "he demonstrates categorically that, the truth not having changed, dogmas which are the emanation of truth cannot change either, and the mode of teaching them must, therefore, be invariable." This is in our opinion a *coup de grâce* for the Good Americans.

Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota has endeavored to part company with them by prostrating himself in a long letter at the Holy Father's feet; but he has not given complete satisfaction. In the last half of his letter he denounces "the enemies of the Church in America, and the unfaithful interpreters of the faith" who have caused this disturbance, but he does not mention them by name. As our writer says truly, in a matter of such gravity "general terms will not do." We must know who these wretches are. It cannot be that they are "disguised Protestants," or some sort of "sectaries." It would be thoroughly American not to give names in order not to "antagonize" anybody. But this is not the true Roman way of dealing with "malefactors." They deserve to have their barns burnt.

CARDUCCI'S PETRARCH.

FLORENCE, March 16, 1899.

At length, after nine and twenty years of patient labor by Giosuè Carducci, assisted valiantly during the last six by his beloved disciple, Severino Ferrari, we have Petrarch's *Rime* complete, edited and annotated by these two perfect Italian scholars, poets both.* The preface is instructive, and should be laid to heart by all who set themselves to edit works of the old masters:

"Such toilers must seek, not for the version which best pleases themselves or this or that critic, nor the one which presents itself with sudden fascination in a manuscript more or less ancient; but the latest version that issued from the author's pen. To seek and find this must be the task which an editor who is not a mere empirical book-maker should keep in view and secure with the utmost attainable certainty. And surely the best way to come at the truth must be to ascertain which was the latest version left in the author's own handwriting or transcribed under his own eyes, and the earliest edition printed from it."

In forty pages we have the history (1) of Petrarch's manuscripts, (2) of the first printed editions of his poems, (3) the times in which the poet was held in highest honor, or more or less neglected, (4) the commentators who have illustrated his poems and their respective value.

The starting-point for these researches is the announcement by Petrarch, a year and a half before his death, in a letter of January 4, 1373, from Padua, to Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Ferrara, "that he sends him *nugellas meas vulgares*, possibly transcribed with errors, as, having too numerous occupations, he trusted their revision to others."

* *Le Rime di Francesco Petrarca* di su gli originali commentate da Giosuè Carducci e Severino Ferrari. Florence: G. C. Sansoni. 1899. [Scholastic Library of Italian Classics.]

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He proceeds to show that he had kept by him some of his Italian poems in very old rough drafts, so worn and faded by age as to be hardly legible. Now, we do not know whether those especial rough drafts survived, but the sixteenth century saw and possessed many papers containing the *rime sparse*, just sketched and in process of correction, in Petrarch's own handwriting. Pietro Bembo, in the first edition (1525) of the Italian prose writings, affirms "that he had seen some papers written in the poet's own hand, in which were some of his rhymes; that those sheets showed that he, while composing them, had marked sometimes the whole, sometimes a small portion, sometimes the greater part; that he then erased and made alterations many times." But those papers, at least, in which the noble Venetian tells us that he read the sonnet *Voi ch' ascoltate* as it was first written, and then with the amendments to the second verse, have perished, so far as we know. Ludovico Beccadelli (1502-1572), a Bolognese, who pursued at the same time literary studies and church affairs, saw some other papers, and left tidings of them in his 'Life of Petrarch':

"The sheets which I saw in his own handwriting are of two sorts. The first were shown to me in 1530, when I was a student at Padua, by the Reverendissimo Monsignore Bembo, who kept them with great care, among other treasures, in his study, and they were for the most part sonnets and odes. The others, written in the same hand, were shown to me ten years later in Rome by Mons. Baldassera [Turini] of Pescia, who had obtained them, I know not how, in order to send them to Francis, King of France, to whom they were sent. Most of them, beginning with that on [Laura's] death, belong to the *Trionfi*. The writing was assuredly in Petrarch's hand, because it was exactly the same as other of his writings that remain; then they were corrected and altered in a way that none but the author himself could have done. I remarked, too, that they were written in different ways; some were set down confusedly on all kinds of paper, others were written on better paper, and more carefully—less interlined and annotated; it was evident that the one set were the first sketches, so to say, of his ideas [inventions], the others were the register in which he made the fair copy. One saw the great care that Petrarch took to perfect his poems, changing a word four or five times, and altering whole sentences. Noteworthy is the fact that, with the exception of the corrections, he wrote in Latin, often giving the reasons why he made the alterations, putting down the time in which he returned to his writing and the place in which he wrote. This he did, I am sure, for his own uses, never thinking that such data and memoranda would fall into other hands, and be taken note of. It often happens that people think and talk to themselves, never meaning these little privacies for others. . . ."

The editors tell us that the Petrarchian manuscript possessed by Bembo in 1530 passed in 1581 to Fulvio Orsini, and from him in 1600 to the Vatican Library. Hereon follow minute accounts of all the extant manuscripts, and extracts from the writers on Petrarch who had seen others that have disappeared. We know from Bembo that, at the death of Petrarch, his papers passed to his heirs, or to some friend—possibly the Paduan, Lombardo della Seta, who was so dear to him. The poems were first printed ninety-eight years after Petrarch died (in 1472), and the originals were preserved until the Austrians sacked Padua in 1509; possibly some soldier got those papers and ill-treated them, and then they fell into the hands of some worthy man. Gian Vicenzo Pinelli (1536-1601) leaves among his other notes: "Certain pages of Petrarch's poems, corrected and altered in his own hand, quoted by Bembo in his prose, were found in a provision-dealer's shop."

When the papers arrived at the Vatican they lay forgotten, or little cared for, in that splendid dormitory until the end of the seventeenth century, when Federico Baldini [. . . 1657], a man thoroughly versed in the poetry of the first centuries, brought them to light, and, as was his wont, with greater exactitude than was usual in his times. When Baldini published the sheets, called archetypes, they were twenty in number, just as Orsini received them and transmitted them to the Vatican in 1600; after this the seventeenth and eighteenth sheets, containing the second part of the "Triumph of Love" from the forty-sixth line to the end, disappeared from the precious collection, and, thus diminished, they were republished in our day with careful criticism and ample illustrations by C. Appell (Halle: Niemeyer).

The complete original of the poems of Francis Petrarch is the Latin Vatican manuscript No. 3195, traced on fine parchment with accuracy and clearness, without marginal notes. It consists of seventy-four folios: the first two, unnumbered, contain the alphabetical index of the first lines; the seventy-two numbered folios begin with the sonnet *Voi ch' ascoltate* and end with the canzone *Virgine bella*, as does this Carducci Ferrara edition. They are written in two different hands, the first from 1 to 38 and 53 to 62; the second from 38 to 49 and from 62 to 72; this second handwriting is that of the poet, who endorsed and corrected also the part not written by his own hand. The title is 'Francisci Petrarchae laureati poetae Rerum vulgarium fragmenta.' Here our editors warn us that *fragmenta* does not signify incomplete pieces of poetry, but *rime sparse*, as Petrarch calls them in his first sonnet; meaning that the sonnets and odes do not constitute a continuous whole such as Petrarch from time to time determined on writing. The archetypal papers, those of No. 3196, offer a fresh proof of the autography of the manuscript; the notes often point to transcription from the rough to a clearer copy. The compositions which in No. 3196 have *trasscriptum per me* we find again in the Vatican manuscript No. 3195 written by Petrarch himself, whereas those under which is written only *transcriptum* are all copied by another hand. Probably the transcription was not commenced before the poet's letter to Boccaccio in 1366, in which he makes manifest his intention that his best verses shall not be spoilt by ignorant scribes. Certainly it was not commenced later than 1368, in which year, on the 22d of October, as is seen in the 15th sheet of the archetypes when he wrote, on the forty-first page, the *canzone Ben mi credea passar*.

The first of the earliest editions of this manuscript is dated Venice, 1470 (rare), the second Rome, 1471 (very rare), the third Padua, 1472. Up to and throughout the seventeenth century the existence of the manuscript and the belief that it was autographic was cherished. G. F. Tommasini mentions it in 1635. The Cruscan Academy in 1654 justifies a version of the sonnet *Rapido fiume* by an appeal to the autograph manuscript preserved in the Vatican, No. 3195. G. Castiglioni, the biographer of Fulvio Orsini (1657), records in his honor the precious gift. Writers of the eighteenth century either ignored or disbelieved in its authenticity; Marini, writing to Morelli, who was preparing an edition of Petrarch's poems after examining them in 1799, says that the manuscript is not autographic; and thirty years ago the very memory of this famous manuscript was lost. E. Narducci, in his catalogue (1874) of Petrarchan manuscripts, registers the title without a single note, does not even quote Orsini's original inventory, where it is registered, "Petrarch's *canzoni* and sonnets, written in his own hand," nor yet the fourth volume of the general inventory of the Vatican, where stands No. 3195, 'Francisci Petrarchæ rerum vulgarium opera Manu propª Auctoris.' So we owe gratitude to foreigners who showed us our stupidity and neglect: to Pietro de Nolhac in 1886, and in 1887 to Dr. Arthur Pakscher, who published his studies on Petrarch in the tenth volume of the *Zeitschrift für die Romanische Philologie*, ten years after which comes Mestica's.

After tracing the vicissitudes of the manuscript, our editors continue: "Thus the basis of our work and the instruments of our labor have been (1) the autographic fragments (archetypes) now in the Vatican registered under number 3196, their appendixes and reproductions; (2) the complete original manuscript in the Vatican, No. 3165; (3) the Paduan edition (1472); (4) the Aldine edition (1501)." From 1860 to 1896 they had to work from the original manuscript, and render thanks to "Mario Menghino for his patient and accurate diligence in comparing their proofsheets with the original manuscript in the Vatican." Then, in 1896, "Mestica's fine edition was published by Barbèra in Florence, and assisted us with copious and useful notes just as we had reached page 341 and the CLV. sonnet [*Non fur ma' Giove e Cesare si mossi*], when we had already restored the sonnets as they stand in the original manuscript, as indeed they were given in Marsand's edition" (Padua, 1819).

Then we come to Petrarch's commentators, whose great work begins with 1525, when Vellutello's edition of the *Canzoniere* appeared. Many of the commentaries are quoted in the notes because, "though now tiresome reading, inasmuch as the commentators lived during that Renaissance which dated from Petrarch they help us to understand the meaning of the diction and the spirit of our poet." The commentators of the sixteenth century are often quoted. In the seventeenth century, Petrarchism, even as early as 1609, was at its lowest ebb, so that Tassoni, in his 'Considerations,' "forced a door already open"; but on many points he is an acute critic. A hundred years later, Muratori republished the 'Considerations'; but Muratori, the father of "Italian history, whom we love and admire for his high, varied, serene, weighty intellect, his honest, simple, kindly nature, in trying to infuse 'poetic taste' into his readers, is really a representative of Arcady." In the eighteenth century the commentators were few, Pagello (1718-1795) fairly good; then Alfieri, in his studies of the Italian language and poetry, used to write in his note-books all that pleased him in Petrarch, with fine taste and some acute observations. Much praise and gratitude is due to De Sade, whose 'Mémoires pour la vie de Pétrarque' are full of vital erudition, and form the starting-point for modern Petrarchan criticism; his work is a perpetual and sagacious commentary of the *Canzoniere*, especially from an histo-

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rical point of view. Finally, reaching our own century, we have Biagoli, who evinces that toilsome yet impassioned return to the literary traditions of the thirteenth century which distinguished the generations that flourished during the first thirty years of the present century; and Leopardi, who is a scholiast often dry and futile. His intention was to comment the *Canzoniere* in such fashion as to make it intelligible to women and children, even to foreigners.

"As if it was a book to put into the hands of children; as if foreigners could understand it unless they knew more of the Italian language than is required to understand Dante; as if the women of to-day, unless furnished with exquisite and delicate taste and sentiment, together with profound culture, could read Petrarch! . . . The fact is, that that great intellect, condemned to slave at a commentary for women and children, ended by growing weary; in the difficult passages he hesitates and stumbles, and gives interpretations which do not seem his own. Still, we recur to him oftener than to others, because, in his general interpretations, he is without comparison more concise and elegant than the other commentators."

The titles of all the commentaries are given in full. In the headings and notes to the poems care is taken (1) to seek out and determine the time, the occasion, the argument of each sonnet or ode; (2) to define the poet's metaphors and allusions to the events of his own life and age, to the customs, the beliefs, the opinions prevalent in his own time; (3) to interpret the meaning of the poems; (4) to point out briefly their classical erudition; (5) to note the many thoughts and modes of speech and coloring—whole passages, even—which Petrarch, the father of the Renaissance, derived from Latin poets and prose writers and from ecclesiastical writers, and appropriated and assimilated in his original work with admirable skill. All that previous commentators have done well in these directions is retained and the authors indicated.

It may not be out of place to remark here, in closing, that in the little book of Carducci's latest poems the first is the following sonnet, addressed to Severino Ferrari, and entitled "On the Banks of the Lily":

Close at the mountain's foot whose snow is rose
When morning breaks above in ruddy flame,
Clear, fresh, melodious there gently flows
A stream which from the Lily takes its name.
Ferrari! here I sit and think of those
Fair banks of Arno and thy words again;
And I resolve to quit the paltry prose,
And sing henceforward in a loftier strain.
But now the Lily says, "It wastes to naught,
This song of mine, yet ne'er for this I sigh,
But with a fuller music sweep along."
So then once more, pride banished from my thought,
Unto my heart I turn; to mountain, sky,
And wave, repeating still thy Petrarch's song.

Prof. Ferrari has published a volume of exquisite poems, two of which, with a notice, are translated by G. A. Greene in his 'Italian Lyrics of To-day' (p. 93). His prose and poetical anthologies for the public high schools are among the best. J. W. M.

MADAME DE MONACO.

PARIS, March 21, 1899.

Pierre de Ségur's 'The Last Princess de Condé' has two parts. In the first he deals only with the Princess; the second part, quite as important, is the biography of Madame de Monaco, followed by many inedited letters of the Prince de Condé. Madame de Monaco played such an important part in the life of the Prince that it is not surprising that M. Pierre de Ségur has completed his work by this interesting addition.

The Brignole-Sale family was among the most illustrious in the Republic of Genoa. Their palace, the Palazzo Rosso, may be seen in the Via Nuova, now called Via Garibaldi, near the famous palaces of Spinola, Doria, Adorno, Cataldi, and the Municipal Palace of the Doges. Marie-Catherine de Brignole was born there in 1739, the only daughter of the Marquis de Brignole; her mother was Anna Balbi, who belonged also to a family of Doges. She met at Versailles Honoré, Prince of Monaco. This young Prince, like his predecessors, spent his youth at the Court of France. He distinguished himself at Fontenoy, was wounded at Rocoux, and showed so much bravery at Lawfeld that the King made him, at the age of twenty-eight, a field-marshal. His courage seems to have been his principal if not his only virtue; contemporaries describe him as hard, tyrannical, very ambitious, hypocritical; his dissimulation was great. He was on the point of marrying a daughter of the Duke du Maine, hoping by this alliance to obtain at the Court of France the rank which the princes of the preceding dynasty of Monaco had occupied. The negotiation was broken off. The Prince then asked for the hand of the daughter of the Duke de Bouillon; the contract was all ready when, to the general astonishment, he broke the engagement. His father was so angry with him that he induced the King to confine him for a few months in the citadel of Arras.

When he left Arras, he did not attempt to find a wife. He met the Marchioness of Brignole, who was very handsome, and she became his mistress. The young Marie-Catherine grew up between her mother, her mother's lover, and a weak and blind father. She was very much admired, and the Prince of Monaco, who was becoming tired of his liaison with Mme. de Brignole, thought of taking her daughter for a wife. Mme. de la Ferté-Imbault, daughter of Mme. Geoffrin, who was a friend of the Brignoles, says that by this marriage "Honoré de Monaco expected to satisfy three of his vices—his avarice, because of the great fortune of the Brignoles; his gallantry, because the young person was one of the handsomest of her time; his jealousy, because he could keep her in his palace at Monaco, far from Versailles." M. Pierre de Ségur says that he could not find out how Honoré de Monaco, in his singular situation, was able to press his suit. "A *roué*," he says, "forty years old, bold, and of an easy conscience, has many ways of conquering the soul of a defenceless young lady. The undeniable fact is that I have held in my hand—not without emotion—a brief little yellow note, written by a trembling hand still almost childish: 'I, the undersigned, declare and promise the Prince of Monaco never to marry anybody but him, whatever may happen, and never to give ear to any proposition which might disengage me.—Paris, 29th November, 1755.—Marie-Catherine de Brignole." When she signed this declaration she had just attained her sixteenth year."

Madame de Brignole became furious at first when she heard of what she considered the treason of her lover; but her anger subsided by degrees, and, by a strange transformation of feeling, she became the advocate of the Prince de Monaco and undertook to obtain the consent of the Marquis de Brignole. It was not an easy task: six months were spent in negotiations. Finally, the Marquis gave his consent and the marriage took place at Genoa. A child was born on the 11th of May, 1758, Honoré, Duke de Valentinois. The Prince returned to Paris, leaving his wife and child at Genoa in the midst of her family. In 1760 the Princess joined her husband in France. He found her quite a new person; she was no longer the girl he had known and married; she was now quite sure of herself. She was presented on the 23d of November, 1761, at the waters of Plombières; it was for her a day of triumph. She was very much admired, and her chief admirer was a prince of the blood, Louis-Joseph de Bourbon Condé, who was then only twenty-five years old. He was come from the army, and had shown some talent in the first campaigns of the Seven Years' War.

"Notwithstanding his ambition and his desire to please," says M. de Ségur, "the first impression made by him was not engaging. From childhood he retained, in spite of his efforts, a self-centred disposition, a difficulty in being unreserved, which was long taxed as dissimulation and coldness. . . . He entered public life under the reign of the Pompadour, and believed too easily in the power of petty means, confounding intrigue with politics. Frivolous, at least disposed to treat lightly things reputed grave, he attached too much value to society gossip, to prejudices of caste, to the vanities of the world. On the battle-field he again becomes a Condé. In his eye, his voice, the happy precision of his orders, you can see a spark of his glorious ancestor."

The Prince made love to the Princess de Monaco. He invited her to the festivals at Chantilly, he met her everywhere in society, and his attentions became so public that the Prince became jealous and threatened to shut her up. In July, 1769, the Countess left the conjugal house and retired into a convent—in Paris, first, and afterwards at Le Mans. She took an appeal to the courts of France, and a protracted taking of testimony began before the Parlement of Paris. The Prince, viewing himself as prince-sovereign, refused to accept the jurisdiction of the Parlement, and sent a memorial to Louis XVI. The inquest continued, as the French Government was not sorry to find an opportunity to diminish the prerogatives of the principality of Monaco. The affair suffered a long interruption during the quarrel which sprang up between the parlements and the King. As soon as Choiseul fell from power, and the first time the Parlement sat again, on the 31st of December, 1770, the first case called was that of the Princess of Monaco. The Parlement pronounced unanimously that there should be "separation of body and habitation" between the Prince and the Princess, ordered the restitution of her dowry, and forbade the Prince "to again frequent his wife, or to make any direct or indirect attempt upon her liberty."

Immediately afterwards, the Princess of Monaco threw away the last veil. She returned to Paris, and, in order to be nearer Condé, she had an elegant hôtel built in the Rue St. Dominique, right against the Palais Bourbon. At Chantilly, the liaison was even more public; she remained there for months, in a complete and conjugal intimacy with the Prince. She was then hardly thirty years old; her beauty was in all its brilliancy.

The two years which followed the trial were spent almost wholly in Chantilly. The affair of the parlements kept Condé away from Court; in 1772 he abandoned rather unexpectedly the cause of the parlements, and

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surrendered himself unconditionally to the royal cause. He was received again with joy by Louis XV. at Versailles, and the Princess de Monaco could not keep him altogether to herself. The liaison became very stormy, and, from all the memoirs of the time, it appears that Madame de Monaco made for herself the reputation of a very tyrannical and ill-tempered companion. M. de Ségur does not conceal the fact that there were perpetual scenes between Madame de Monaco and the Prince. Her position was a difficult one.

"The Duke de Bourbon and the Princess de Condé bore with disgust their daily contact with the declared mistress of their father. Respect and fear might shut their mouths, but their contempt for *la Madame*, as they called her between themselves, was shown in their whole attitude, in the hostility of their looks, the coldness of their behavior, in the silence which ensued upon her approach."

The young Duchess de Bourbon, who was born Bathilde d'Orléans, was not so patient; she was bold, witty, and knew no other rule than her will and caprice. She became aggressive. One day she took a conceit to have a proverb of her composition played on the stage at Chantilly. The actors were the Prince de Condé, Madame de Monaco, and the Duke de Bourbon. The subject was the story of a light and weak man, unconsciously dominated by an ambitious, intriguing, and jealous woman. Every word, every detail of the play was an allusion. The attitude of the public made the actors conscious that they were exhibiting themselves, and painful explanations and quarrels followed the representation.

Madame de Monaco became disgusted with Chantilly and bought a place, Betz, near Crépy-en-Valois, an old feudal castle which she embellished. She made new buildings and a splendid park; she spent more than four millions on this domain. Her sons came to visit her there—the elder, the Duke of Valentinois, who was married to the only daughter of the Duke d'Aumont, the younger, who was called Prince Joseph of Monaco, and had been married to the daughter of Count de Choiseul-Stainville.

The Revolution interrupted the gay existence at Chantilly and at Betz. Immediately after the storming of the Bastille, the Prince de Condé decided to emigrate. He left Chantilly with the Duke de Bourbon, the Duke d'Enghien, who was seventeen years old, Princess Louise, and Madame de Monaco. "To relate in detail this period of the existence of Madame de Monaco, its peregrinations and accidents, would be to relate the history of the Army of Condé," says M. de Ségur. . . . "In order not to leave the Prince, she sacrificed without regret her comfort, her quiet and easy life; she accepted with joy her new existence as a vagabond Princess." During her Odyssey, Goethe saw her at the house of Baron Stein. "She is," he wrote, "alert and charming. Nothing more graceful could be imagined than this slender *blondine*." This blondine was, at the time, on the eve of fifty-three, but her triumphant beauty had resisted all the efforts of time and the miseries of her new life. She had to sell her jewels, her silver; she found herself after a while as poor as the soldiers of Condé. The domain of Betz had been confiscated and sold.

In 1801 the army of Condé was disbanded. Condé and Madame de Monaco settled in England at Wanstead House. In 1802 he wrote to Louis XVIII., living in exile like himself, asking permission to marry the Princess of Monaco. The permission was granted, and, on this occasion, Louis XVIII. wrote to the Princess, whom for the first time he called his cousin, an amiable letter, the text of which is given by M. de Ségur. The marriage took place on Christmas Eve, before four witnesses only. In 1803 the Princess was attacked by rheumatism and bronchitis; she died on the 28th of March, and was buried at Wimbledon. The Prince was so poor at the time that he had to appeal to the generosity of the Prince Regent to pay the funeral expenses.

Correspondence.

A FORERUNNER OF AGUINALDO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following sentiments are put in the mouth of the Philippine King Tidore by the well-known Spanish writer Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola (1566-1631):

"Are we in possession of the most fertile islands of Asia only to purchase with their products infamous bondage and vassalage, converting heaven's generous bounty into a tribute to the ambition of alien tyrants? We know, by experience, how odious our valor has always been to the Christian commanders, whom, for this very reason, we cannot expect to be either more modest or less our enemies. Remember, accordingly, kings as well as subjects, you who promise yourselves glory as well as you who want safety, that neither of these things may be acquired without liberty, nor the latter without war, nor war without valor or concord. The forces of the Spaniards have increased and their glory is at stake. So, the hidden motive and the cause of this tyranny being clear, who is unwilling to venture the utmost in order to earn liberty, the supremest of all good? Other nations, when they hear of our resolution, will call it despair and ferocity, but when they learn the cause of it, they will award us praise and not pardon. Besides, everybody knows what is becoming to his religion, his honor, and his country better than those who judge of these things from a distance; and, finally, what is life without liberty?" O. T.

April 1, 1899.

OUR MODELS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Our people are boasting that in colonizing methods they are following the English, the successful colonizers of modern times. On reading Washington's Journal to the Ohio, printed in 1753, I found an incident which illustrates the French method of that day, and, with a slight alteration, may be made to fit the situation in the Philippines just before our soldiers began to shoot down the natives. The alteration would be in names, not in matter.

The Half-King (Thanacrishon) had been to Montreal to make a protest against the encroachments of the French. "Fathers," he said in his speech, "both you and the English are white, we live in a country between; therefore the land belongs to neither one nor t'other; but the Great Being above allow'd it to be a place of residence for us; so, Fathers, I desire you to withdraw, as I have done our brothers the English: for I will keep you at arm's length."

To this the French commander, the Otis of the day, replied:

"Now, my child, I have heard your speech; you spoke first, but it is my time to speak now. Where is my wampum that you took away, with the marks of towns in it? This wampum I do not know, which you have discharged me off the land with; but you need not put yourself to the trouble of speaking, for I will not hear you. I am not afraid of flies, or mosquitos, for Indians are such as those. I tell you, down the river I will go, and will build upon it, according to my command. If the river was blocked up, I have forces sufficient to burst it open and tread under my feet all that stand in opposition, together with their alliances; for my force is as the sand upon the seashore; therefore, here is your wampum, I fling it at you. Child, you talk foolish; you say this land belongs to you, but there is not the black of my nail yours. . . . It is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand-up for, or say-against it. I'll buy and sell with the English (*mockingly*). If people will be ruled by me they may expect kindness, but not else."

But the French failed as colonists, and they are to-day practising the same methods in Madagascar towards the Malagasy.

Worthington C. Ford.

Boston, April 3, 1899.

J. Q. ADAMS ON CUBA'S GRAVITATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of March 9 contains an interesting quotation from John Quincy Adams against imperialism. In this connection it is, perhaps, worthy of note that while Adams was strongly opposed to imperialism, he was enthusiastically in favor of expansion. He may, then, be quoted in opposition to the Government's control of far-away islands like the Philippines, but he cannot be quoted rightfully against the acquisition or retention of Cuba and Porto Rico. Permit the following extract from a letter to the American Minister at Madrid of April 28, 1823, to supplement the speech of 1831. Adams wrote during the downfall of Spain's Western empire, when the transfer of Cuba and Porto Rico to some European Power was a harassing possibility, and the need of impressing on our representative abroad the importance of vigilance was strongly felt:

"These islands, from their local position and [are?] natural appendages to the North American continent, and one of them, Cuba, almost in sight of our shores, from a multitude of considerations, has become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of our Union. Its commanding position, with reference to the Gulf of Mexico and the West India seas; the character of its population; its situation midway between our southern coast and the Island of St. Domingo; its safe and capacious harbor of the Havana, fronting a long line of our shores destitute of the same advantage; the nature of its productions and of its wants, furnishing the supplies and needing the returns of a commerce immensely profitable and mutually beneficial, give it an importance in the sum of our national interests with which no other foreign territory can be compared, and little inferior to that which binds the different members of this Union together. . . . In looking forward to the probable course of events, for the short period of half a century, it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal Republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself. It is obvious, however, that for this event we are not yet prepared. Numerous and formidable objections to the extension of our territorial dominions beyond seas present themselves, . . . but there are laws of political as well as of physical gravitation; and if an apple, severed by the tempest from its native tree, cannot choose but fall to the ground, Cuba, *forcibly disjoined from its own unnatural connexion with Spain, and incapable of self-support, can gravitate only towards the North American Union, which, by the same law of nature, cannot cast her off from its bosom.*"

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The italics are mine. If the words Adams spoke in 1831 were prophetic, how much more so were the words he wrote in 1823.

J. C. WATTS.

MADISON, WIS., March 27, 1899.

[The non-prophetic part is left unitalicized—we mean the unfulfilled half-century forecast as to the indispensability of Cuban annexation. Nobody even now thinks it indispensable "to the continuance and integrity of the Union." Furthermore, if Cuba's connection with Spain, its mother country, was unnatural, how much more that which we are now foisting upon the Philippines.—ED. NATION.]

EXPATRIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to call your attention to the enclosed extract from a letter written by him whom you call "the learned Day." Is it not a little hard that we who, for health, or business, or philanthropy, choose to reside out of the country of which we are natives, and where we and our forebears have, in our time, done our duty as citizens, and some of us as soldiers, should, for no other fault, be summarily outlawed? We submit, because we must, to the refusal to give us passports, but *this* is a little too much! Please help us with your protest. One who does not wish to be

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

PARIS, March 21, 1899.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, March 12, 1898.

. . . . . .

A person who voluntarily resides abroad permanently, *forfeits his right to claim protection from this government*. He performs none of the duties of citizenship, and cannot expect to receive assistance from a source which he has separated himself from.

. . . . . .

(Signed) WILLIAM R. DAY,
Assistant Secretary.

[We have ourselves, acting for a transatlantic American of international repute, been obliged to listen at the custom-house, from one who perhaps owed his place to a "pull," to a tirade against Americans found living abroad beyond the short term within which our delightful tariff forbears to denationalize them. And yet our friend's life abroad was determined by a consular appointment made by President Lincoln.—ED. NATION.]

ERRATA BY ATTRACTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In to-day's *Nation* I observe in the notice of Mr. Lawton's 'Successors of Homer' a rather ludicrous "scribal error" in the translation from the "Hymn to Demeter." In the words, "and the incensed smell of it made all the wide sky laugh, and all the earth laugh, and the salt *smell* of the sea," the italicised word should, of course, be "swell" (translating οἶδμα).

Something similar to this appears in the following, quoted from the *New Review* in the New York *Tribune* of October 16, 1897: "But until Mr. Le Gallienne's heroes desist from battening on 'the honeycomb of woman,' they will form a nasty *spectacle* (in every sense of the epithet) to their creator's accomplishment of anything even respectable in fiction." The blunder "spectacle" for "obstacle" is obviously due to "respectable," which stands nearly under it.—I have the honor to be, sir, very truly yours,

MORTIMER LAMSON EARLE.

BARNARD COLLEGE, March 30, 1899.

Notes.

Prof. Angelo Heilprin, whom the pursuit of science leads now to the arctics and now to the tropics, will publish this spring through the Appletons a work on 'Alaska and the Klondike,' which can but rank high in the "literature" of that region.

R. H. Russell announces the publication of "English Portraits," a series of drawings on stone by Will Rothenstein. The portraits are of men and women of to-day, including Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir F. Seymour Hayden, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Lecky, Mr. W. E. Henley, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Henry James, etc., etc.

Prof. William Z. Ripley's 'The Races of Europe,' a sociological study, illustrated with 85 maps and 235 portrait types, and provided with a supplementary bibliography issued separately by the Boston Public Library, will be ready about May 1.

Mr. Gollancz, in his "Temple Classics" (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan), has arrived at 'Tristram Shandy,' of which he reproduces the edition of 1781, with the aid of Walter Jerrold for marginalia and notes (mostly of proper names). The beauty of these two volumes is of the kind well known from this companionable series, but in the interest of taste we could wish the regulation title-page abolished in favor of something that would better harmonize with the frontispieces and other daintinesses of the printer's art.

About a year ago our Paris correspondent gave some account of K. Waliszewski's 'Marysienka,' a swift and rather bombastic narrative of the life of the wife of Sobieski (1641-1716). This has now been translated fluently and for the most part idiomatically by Lady Mary Loyd, and is published with a portrait by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The 'Annual Literary Index' for 1898, edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker (*Publishers' Weekly*), makes its customary prompt appearance. The Periodical Index (Poole proper) is followed by the Index to General Literature, *i. e.*, works of a collective nature, like Dobson's 'Miscellanies,' Chapman's 'Emerson, and Other Essays,' Krehbiel's 'Music and Manners in the Classical Period,' Hubbard's 'Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen,' and, most important of all, Warner's 'Library of the World's Best Literature.' In connection with the foregoing is an author-index. A list of the American and English bibliographies of the year, an authors' necrology, and an index to dates of principal events in 1898—*e. g.*, under *Santiago* all the main particulars of the siege; and leading obituary notices the world over—invaluable to journalists, conclude the thesaurus.

There has undoubtedly been a need for an American 'Year's Art,' ever since Mr. Koehler's 'Art Directory of the United States' suspended publication. A woman now takes up the task, Florence N. Levy, and gives us through Macmillan the 'American Art Annual' for 1898. It is a volume of 540 pages, in three main divisions. The first deals with the year in question, its sales and exhibitions, its necrology, its publications, together with information about tariff and copyright, and some chapters on art in the public schools. Here, too, is a summary account of foreign exhibitions, with special reference to American participation. The second division is of art galleries, private collections, art societies, and art schools, alphabetically treated under their respective cities (with a niche for Mexico hereafter), and embodying the catalogue in each case of a society or club exhibition. Part iii. consists of directories, respectively, of painters, sculptors, illustrators (wood-engravers must be sought under this rubric, but are not distinguished from designers), workers in applied arts; art galleries, societies, schools, and dealers. The compiler gives evidence of little literary skill or sense of order, and the typographic appearance of her annual is unartistic to the point of confusedness. Nevertheless, she is to be praised for her undertaking, and for the directories in particular, the utility of which has, in other similar cases, outlived the major enterprise.

Part four of 'The Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.' (Providence, R. I.: David W. Hoyt) advances this painstaking and trustworthy work to the Somer family, one of whose members, John Somer, a cooper, residing in Boston, was "a Quaker and twice whipped." Another victim of independent thought and utterance was Major Robert Pike, who especially distinguished himself in the checking of the witchcraft delusion. Here figures also William Morse, whose house was the scene of witchcraft disturbances which nearly cost his wife her life; and Osgoods and Singletarys are cited among witnesses against those accused as witches. The Rev. Joseph Rowlandson got into peril of public whipping by posting (while yet a senior at Harvard, class of 1652) a libel against a fellow-townsman in Ipswich, to wit, "A wet eele's tayle and his word were something worth ye taking hold of." Mr. Hoyt announces a conclusion in part five, with indexes and corrections.

Under the title, 'The Anatomy of the Central Nervous System of Man and of Vertebrates in General,' the fifth and expanded edition (1896) of Edinger's well-known 'Vorlesungen' has been translated by Prof. W. S. Hall of the Northwestern University Medical School, and published by the F. A. Davis Co. The volume will be welcomed by English-speaking students, teachers, and investigators who do not read German easily, and the fulness of the index is particularly to be commended. There is no evidence that the translation has the sanction of the author. Whether so or not, the apparent effort at literalness has occasioned some misinterpretations that would be amusing were they not misleading. Since there are unspecified omissions, interpolations, and terminologic changes, the translator becomes practically responsible for the whole, and hence for the perpetuation of deficiencies in the original as regards points of morphology and nomenclature. Respecting the latter, indeed, there is manifested either ignorance or disregard of the recommendations of American and German anatomic and neurologic societies. Inconsistencies, too, are likely to confuse the student, and are by no means atoned for by

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the uniform rendering of "Anlage" by "fundament."

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Malwida von Meysenbug published her 'Memoiren einer Idealistin,' a charming book of reminiscences in three volumes, which has passed through several editions and taken a prominent and permanent place in German autobiographical literature. She belonged by birth to an aristocratic family of Hesse-Cassel, and her father held a high position in the government of the Elector, but she estranged herself from all her kith and kin by her political liberalism and active participation in the revolution of 1848. The collapse of that movement compelled her to leave her native land; she took refuge in England, where she lived for a long time, chiefly in the circle of her fellow-exiles and their English sympathizers. These German and Russian refugees were men and women of superior culture and remarkable force of character, and in the second volume of the 'Memoirs' she gives a vivid picture of their daily life in London, their struggles, hopes, and aspirations. Among others she mentions Carl Schurz, who was then only twenty-two years of age, and had just given a striking proof of his cleverness and courage and personal devotion in freeing Kinkel from the dungeon in Spandau. "One need not be a prophet," she says, "to foretell for him a great and fruitful future."

'Der Lebensabend einer Idealistin,' just issued by Schuster & Loeffler in Berlin, is a supplement to the 'Memoirs,' and contains the reminiscences and reflections of the authoress during the past twenty years or more. Indeed, they go back digressively to the laying of the corner-stone of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth in 1872, where, on account of her long and intimate friendship with Richard and Cosima Wagner, she thought of making her home, but the rude climate defeated this plan and caused her to return to the more congenial air of Italy. The volume is not so much a consecutive autobiography as a series of sketches delineating the most important events of her life, interspersed with thoughts on various topics, mostly of an æsthetical, ethical, and philosophical character. One of the most delightful of these episodes is the sojourn at Sorrento with Friedrich Nietzsche and other friends during the winter of 1876-'77. The report of the evening readings and discussions is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and presents Nietzsche in a very favorable light. The thought of his subsequent mental eclipse leads her to exclaim: "How mild and conciliatory he was then; how his kind and genial nature counterpoised his keenly analytic intellect!" The narration introduces the reader to many other personages prominent in art, literature, science, and politics, in clear outlines; but the most attractive figure of all is Malwida von Meysenbug herself.

Which "great Democratic party" has at last found a quarterly organ in the *Conservative Review* begun last month in Washington (The Neale Co.), it might be difficult to say. Such a relation is not indicated on the title-page, and there is no prospectus or salutatory or naming of editors. Eleven articles are arranged in orthodox quarterly form, and but three are political—"The Constitution on Absolutism," by Isaac Lobe Straus; "American Policy of Expansion," by Hon. Champ Clark; and "The Treaty with Spain," by Hon. A. Leo Knott—all in one anti-expansionist vein, with more or less good argument and precedent adduced. Among the literary reviews, those on Henderson's Stonewall Jackson, Col. R. M. Johnston, and Chamberlain's John Adams have a pronounced Southern bias. In the last-named ("New England Statesmen") the present material prosperity of the South as a result of the civil war is made a ground of railing against the unstatesmanlike Northern defenders of the Federal Union. Miss Kate Mason Rowland, reviewing several works on Capt. John Smith, falls foul of "America" and of Alexander Brown for calling it "our national hymn," as if the "Land of the pilgrim's [sic] pride" was all America, or "we must all claim the Plymouth Rock 'fathers.'"

Our English cousins should read with satisfaction the latest record of American library ingenuity, "The Blue-print Process for Printing Catalogues," a paper contributed to the March *Library Journal* by Alexander J. Rudolph, assistant librarian of the Newberry (Chicago) Library. What is here described is the reprinting by the above process, and arranging under one alphabet, the British Museum's catalogue of accessions from 1880 to date. The entries number nearly 900,000, and require more than 20,000 sheets of blue-print paper, to form about 40 volumes of the size of the Museum's general catalogue. The cost is $20 per 1,000 pages, royal octavo. The process has a wide application in library economy.

The March Bulletin of the New York Public Library is notable for a report of the executive committee retracing the history of the foundation and its rapid growth under Dr. Billings's directorship. Congestion is the fate of the institution till its new building brings relief, five miles of additional shelving in the Astor and Lenox Libraries notwithstanding. In the Astor, the seating capacity has been exhausted. The total collection now equals 465,000 volumes and 180,000 pamphlets. The duplicates accruing from reclassification and from gifts are set aside for use in a future circulating department.

An international journal devoted to the study of leprosy is to make its appearance in the near future. Its publication is one of the fruits of the international Leprosy Congress held in Berlin some months ago. The journal will bear the title *Lepra: Bibliotheca Internationalis*, and the editorial staff embraces Dr. Besnier of Paris, Professor Dehio of Dorpat, Russia; Dr. Hansen of Bergen, Norway; Dr. Hyde of Chicago, Dr. Hutchinson of London, and Prof. Neisser of Breslau. Dr. Ehlers of Copenhagen is editor in chief. Articles will be printed in various languages.

The German Orient Society (Orientgesellschaft), organized about two years ago for the special purpose of making diggings and excavations in the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, has now fairly entered upon what promises to be successful work. Twelve months ago a preliminary expedition, headed by Prof. Sachau and Dr. Koldewey of Berlin, proceeded to the East to examine into possible sites for the operations of the Society. The report of this committee induced the authorities to undertake excavations on the site of old Babylon itself, and a firman from the Turkish Government granting permission to do so was readily secured. The Society has chosen as the first object of its attack the mound commonly known as El-Kasr, or the Castle, containing the ruins of the magnificent castle erected by Nebuchadnezzar, about 600 B. C., in which he lived during the greater portion of his reign, and in which Alexander the Great died. For the present, funds have been secured to carry on the diggings for five years; but as the Society has been liberally supported by the contributions of its members and by the German Government, it is more than likely that the work will be continued indefinitely. The Royal Museums in Berlin are coöperating with the Society. The expedition is headed by Dr. Koldewey, an experienced explorer.

The Selden Society reports a very slight increase in 1898 of the number of its members. Volume xiii. of its publications, for 1899, will be a volume of 'Select Pleas of the Forests,' by Mr. G. J. Turner. Volume xiv., for 1900, will be a volume on the 'Municipal Records of Lincoln and Beverley,' by Mr. A. F. Leach. It has not been thought desirable to carry out the scheme of joint publication of the reprint of the Year-Books of Edward II., which was referred to in last year's Report as being then under consideration. The Council accordingly propose to proceed with their own plan, and hope to commence the publication in 1902 and to continue it in alternate years, with the intention that the Year-Books shall take the place of the ordinary publications for those years. The regretted illness of Prof. Maitland will probably make it impossible to commence the publication earlier. On account of the expensiveness of the undertaking, the Council may have to appeal for special contributions.

—The *Atlantic Monthly* for April contains an article, the first of a series by Charles Mulford Robinson, on "Improvement in City Life." The present instalment deals only with Philanthropic Progress. Even those to whom organized charity is repulsive or uninteresting can hardly read a review such as this without perceiving that the new philanthropy is a great advance upon any development of charity hitherto known. At the same time, when we are told that the New York State Board of Charities, in its annual report for 1898, expressed the belief that there were more than four thousand empty beds in the children's institutions in this city, we see that something remains to be done. The great fundamental principle of the new charity, as distinguished from the old, is stated by Mr. Robinson as follows: "That which merely relieves a social condition without attempting to prevent the recurrence of the need of relief, does not lift the city to higher things. Curative work is better than palliative, and preventive is best of all." It is worth noticing, by the way, how the new philanthropy confirms the teaching of the old political economy—that dismal science which warns against indiscriminate charity, and checks our impulse to give to needy knife-grinders at sight. That sort of charity not only covered, but promoted, a multitude of sins. The main object of the modern system is to promote the virtues by which pauperism is checked—cleanliness, temperance, industry, and thrift. The movements for better housing, baths, and playgrounds are all good in their way, but the root of the matter is in arousing the interest of the individual in his or her own improvement; neighborhood settlements and the personal visiting system draw their life from this. Mr. Robinson thinks that the future only can reveal "what is to be the effect of a patronage by politics of the

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philanthropic movement—a condition which has lately become marked, notably in the case of the Citizens' Union campaign in New York in 1897," and adds: "Certainly the past gives little encouragement to hope that the result will be an improvement." What he means is apparently that philanthropy had made its advance hitherto chiefly through extra-political work, and that the type of political charity is the old-fashioned workhouse and poor-house nurseries of pauperism. To this the young settlement-enthusiast would probably reply that Politics is to have a new birth too, as soon as he comes into control, and that Philanthropy—as Mirabeau said of Equality—is a good weapon with which to get into control.

—One-third of the contents of the *Century* for this month is made up of illustrated war articles ("The Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War," by Rear-Admiral Sampson, a second instalment of "The Capture of Manila," by Major-General Greene, and "The Surrender of Manila," as seen from Admiral Dewey's flagship, by John T. McCutcheon). The first two derive their main interest from their authorship, and on one or two historic doubts concerning the Spanish war they throw some light. For instance, one question much mooted last year was the precise strategic meaning and force of the bombardment of San Juan, Porto Rico, by Admiral Sampson. The Admiral himself ought to know, and he says here that the "value of the action lay not a little in the practice it gave the men under fire." The orders of the Department were "not to risk needlessly the loss of a vessel until Cervera had been disposed of," the fleet having been dispatched for this purpose. On arriving at San Juan "a glance was sufficient to show that Cervera's ships were not in port"; to destroy the coal supply or occupy the place was impossible, because "no important part of the squadron could be detained there for this purpose, and the date at which an army of occupation could be expected was uncertain." The sum and substance of the Admiral's account is that, for the sake of a day's practice under fire, he took a good deal of risk—in fact, risked his fleet being disabled and prevented from executing the movement in which he was engaged. This confirms the opinion of those critics who contended at the time that the bombardment had no military meaning whatever. General Greene shows curiously how General Merritt made use of the insurgents to get into position before Manila. He sent his chief of staff "with a verbal message directing me [Gen. Greene] to persuade the insurgents, if possible, to evacuate a portion of their trenches; but I was to do this on my own responsibility, and without intimating that I had any instructions to this effect from him." "He was very anxious to avoid any entangling alliances with Aguinaldo, with whom he had no direct communication." General Greene, therefore, sent his orderly to the insurgent General Noriel, commanding the brigade of insurgents nearest to the beach, and negotiated for a surrender of the insurgent trenches to him, promising to make them more effective with superior artillery. Finally, by permission of Aguinaldo—provided that he (General Greene) "would make the request in writing"—the change was effected. General Greene promised to send the written request next morning, and no doubt did so. This statement effectually disposes of the theory that we received no help from Aguinaldo. Of course, so discreet an officer as General Greene would never have published all the details of the story had he not received full permission from General Merritt. It seems, therefore, that, from the outset, the latter's aim was to make use of Aguinaldo in any possible way, but not to become responsible to him or to the insurgents. Was this because they were to be "ceded" to us? In Cuba, where we appeared as humane protectors, we could be more open in our dealings. In the military as in the political art it is necessary for our wisest and bluffest to resort to finesse; it is our highest boast that we publish it all afterwards with illustrations in the magazines.

—*Scribner's* has several noticeable illustrated papers, one of which, by Frederick Palmer, gives curious information about "A Winter Journey to the Klondike." Prof. William James has an article on "The Gospel of Relaxation," in which he makes psychology vindicate the teaching of common sense as to some national peculiarities. Mr. James is always too eloquent to be condensed; his aim is to show that the nervous, tense, American manner, which many admire—the manner which some writer says enabled his heroine to produce in all who beheld her an impression of "bottled lightning"—is a vice, not a charm. Intensity is not the proper goal of expression, either in look, voice, or gesture; it really suggests "irritable weakness," not reserved strength. The thing to study in manner is harmony, dignity, ease, and simplicity—not, however, by "putting on" or simulating them, but by *being* simple and easy. Mr. James repudiates altogether the theory that the American manner in question is the product of the climate or the physical geography of the continent. He attributes it to bad habits, nothing more or less, bred of "custom and example, born of the imitation of bad models and the cultivation of false personal ideals." The only way to get rid of it is to imitate good models, of which there are still plenty within easy reach. We cannot help thinking that a great deal of the uneasy tensity of the manner in question is or was connected with the desire to be "American" *ad hoc*—*i. e.*, to have a manner that should be national, and should be correlated with the superior energy, intelligence, and morality which we feel, in contemplating other tribes and nations, to be our portion. To aim at producing a superlatively local impression, however, is not the way to achieve excellence in anything. Educated Americans of the best sort, down to the most recent times, not merely Washington and Franklin and Adams, but men of a totally different strain, like Lincoln, and men even of the specially "irritable" literary breed—Hawthorne, Lowell, Curtis, and many of their still living descendants—have been marked, as to manner, by the "brave old wisdom" of simplicity. Perhaps the worst American manner of all—worse even than the teeth-gnashing, bottled-lightning variety—is that of the "hustler" of the present decade, the manner of the commercial traveller, not commending, but thrusting his wares down your throat. Naval men, literary men, military men, and even clergymen, have adopted it; it tends to make human society unendurable, and could not long be cultivated anywhere without leading to breaches of the peace, if, indeed, it be not sometimes intended to provoke them.

—Cromwell was born April 25, 1599, and his "tercentenary" is consequently a convenient magazine topic for the current month. In *Harper's*, Amelia Barr has an illustrated article on "Cromwell and his Court," consisting of incidents and anecdotes gathered from Cromwellian newspapers and tracts. A valuable article of the solid sort, on Sleep, is contributed by Dr. Andrew Wilson of the University of Edinburgh, under the somewhat fantastic title of "The Ape of Death." Among other things, Dr. Wilson discusses the phenomenon—familiar enough to everybody—of the capacity to wake up at an hour fixed upon in the mind before going to sleep. He thinks that there is something in this foreordination akin to the "dominant idea" which a hypnotist may impress on his subject. "The dominant idea in the shape of the necessity of awaking at a certain time is impressed on the brain, and is probably transmitted to those automatic or lower centres which rule our mechanical acts, which are responsible for visions of the night, and which are capable of carrying out, either in the entire absence of consciousness or in the existence of a subconscious condition, many complex actions." But, when we ask how it is that the time is measured, so that the alarm-clock acts at the appointed hour and not at some other, all that can be said is that people may have a "time faculty," just as they have a sense of direction. But is not this merely a restatement of the phenomenon itself? If "time" faculty and "direction" faculty explain such matters as these, why will not our old friends "will" faculty and "memory" faculty explain acts of volition and recollection? Among novel naval "features" in this magazine is an account, by Peter Keller, boatswain's mate on the *Gloucester*, of the "Rescue of Admiral Cervera," dictated to a stenographer, and "told in his own language."

—The 'Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada' which Prof. Wrong of Toronto University began in 1897, has been annually continued and now reaches its third issue. Mr. Langton, who before acted as assistant editor, seems now to be fully associated with the work, but no other change strikes the eye upon the title-page of the publication for the current year. On scrutinizing the contents, one observes that the marked tendency is towards anonymous contribution. At the outset, twenty-seven articles were acknowledged by their authors, last year the number dropped to fifteen, and now it is only eight. Perhaps, in a country like Canada, where the literary class is comparatively small and nearly all the authors know or know about each other, it becomes rather invidious to make perfectly frank and sincere criticisms in articles which are signed. Whether this be or not the right explanation of the tendency just mentioned, the publication maintains a high level of honesty and thoroughness. The last twelvemonth has been a very light one in *Canadiana*, and if it were not for works which introduce a European or American element, the editors would have been hard pressed to find suitable material for their volume of 200 pages. Fortunately, there are enough works on Canada's relation to the empire, the Cabot question, and other records of early colonization to furnish forth several long and interesting papers. Furthermore, the usefulness of such a survey is most clearly disclosed during a year when important books are rare. These will always be duly noticed,

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whereas the local histories of seignory and township, the minute cartographical study, etc., will not otherwise be competently appraised. Besides calling attention to the general excellence of this review, we must particularly praise the minuteness of its bibliographical research. Even the *Zeitschrift des Deutschen und Oesterreichischen Alpenvereins* has been ransacked for a description of the Illecillewaet Glacier. The volume is published directly by the University of Toronto, and may be procured from the Librarian.

—The transcontinental African railway connecting Cairo and the Cape is no longer the mere visionary scheme of the British expansionist. The Bechuanaland Railway Co., according to a well-informed writer in the London *Times*, has undertaken to build the link, 1,750 miles long, between Buluwayo and the navigable waters of the Nile Valley. It proposes to begin work immediately on the first section of 20 miles through a promising mineral country to some extensive coal-fields. Thence across the Zambesi to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika a route has been roughly surveyed, and no serious engineering difficulties have been discovered. For the greater part of the distance the proposed line follows the backbone of the continent at an average elevation of some 5,000 feet. The land is well watered and suited for both agriculture and grazing, resembling southern Brazil and northern Argentina. The natives are mostly industrious and peaceable cultivators of the soil, and merely need protection from slave and cattle-raiders to become prosperous agricultural communities. In the original plan there was to be a steamboat service on Lake Tanganyika, leaving 450 miles of road to be constructed from the northern end of the lake to Uganda, either through the Free State or German territory. This route has now been abandoned on account of the apparently successful negotiations between the German Emperor and Mr. Rhodes. According to the latest reports, the road is to be continued through German East Africa, intersecting at Tabora, 200 miles east of the lake, with a German line to the coast now in process of construction. This section will probably be financed in Germany, provided there is a Government guarantee of the investment, and the arrangement is welcomed in both countries as a proof of the harmony of German and English interests in Africa. It is estimated that the 900 miles from Buluwayo to the lake can be completed in five years at a cost of $25,000,000, and it is hoped that the German section will be built simultaneously with this southern part. The material advantages of the railway are that it will develop a vast country rich in agricultural and probably in mineral wealth, and that it will put an end to the atrocious slave-raiding which blights central Africa.

—With the death of Ludwig Bamberger on March 14, in Berlin, a prominent public character has disappeared from the arena of German politics. Bamberger was born at Mainz, July 22, 1823, studied law and practised for a short time, but was soon drawn irresistibly to journalism, and became editor of the leading paper in his native city. He took an active part in the revolution of 1848, was condemned to death, and fled to Switzerland. He subsequently went to Paris, where from 1853 to 1866 he held the responsible position of director of the great banking house of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt. The amnesty of 1866 enabled him to return to his fatherland, where he was elected in 1868 a member of the German Zollparlament; and in 1871 a member of the Reichstag, to which he belonged till 1893. During the first seven years of his parliamentary career he was connected with the National Liberal party, then with the "secession," which he organized, and later with different factions of the so-called Deutschfreisinnige Partei. He was a man of brilliant parts, independent spirit, and honest purpose, but these excellent qualities made him one of the most efficient agents in splitting up the liberal representation into cliques, and thus throwing the law-making power into the hands of the united conservatives and reactionaries. He was a publicist of distinction. His "Gesammelte Schriften," issued in five volumes by Rosenbaum & Hart in Berlin, contain interesting characterizations of eminent persons, but consist chiefly of valuable and very readable essays on economical, financial, and political topics. He rendered good service to Germany and other countries by his vigorous defence of the gold standard against the assaults of the silverites, was an ardent advocate of free trade and keen adversary of socialism. His last important contribution to the press was a series of articles, entitled "Bismarck Posthumus," which appeared originally in the Berlin weekly *Die Nation*, and afterwards in book form. His estimate of the eminent statesman, whose policy, especially as regards colonial expansion, he so often and earnestly opposed in the Imperial Diet, is fair and wholly free from vindictiveness. He pays a high tribute to the great qualities of the Chancellor, and notes at the same time some of the defects of these qualities; he corrects several serious misstatements in the 'Reminiscences,' without impeaching the veracity of their author. The breadth and refinement of his culture, a lively sense of humor, a lucid and attractive style, a thoroughly liberal spirit, sound common sense, and a complete mastery of the subjects which he discusses, give to his writings a permanent value as contributions to contemporary history, more particularly in the kindred provinces of political economy and financial science.

SHAKSPERE IN FRANCE.

Shakespeare en France sous l'ancien régime. Par J. J. Jusserand. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 8vo, pp. 389.

In this admirable volume, packed full of information, as would be expected by those familiar with the former works of its author, are to be found the following facts.

In the sixteenth century, during the period of the French Renaissance, the existence of any English literature was unknown to Frenchmen—that is, any literature written in English. The works of Englishmen writing in Latin, the works of scholars, historians, and thinkers were widely known and duly admired; but the poets, from Chaucer down, were ignored. Yet the relations between the two nations had been continual, and it was not merely statesmen and scholars and divines who had passed back and forth over the Channel. Henry VIII. sent two poets to France as Ambassadors—Sir Thomas Wyatt and another. Ronsard in his boyhood was two years and a half in Scotland and half a year in London; he made the acquaintance of one of the most charming poets of the day, Sir David Lyndsay, but he seems to have retained no impression of him, and in all his writings it would be difficult to find an allusion to English poetry. A generation later, Du Bartas, author of 'Les Semaines,' was Ambassador in England, and almost at the same moment Sackville, one of the authors of "Gorboduc," was Ambassador at Paris. Brantôme, an excellent observer, was twice at the court of Elizabeth. He notes seeing a picture, a ballet, and some hunting dogs, but he says nothing of "Gorboduc," which was performed at court the year of his first visit, and does not mention the two or three great theatres lately built in London at the time of his second visit (1579), when Paris had but one.

In 1610 a work (the 'Characters' of Hall) written in English was for the first time translated into French; the next year this first translation was followed by the translation of Bacon's Essays. These experiments, however, remained rare, in curious contrast to the numerous French works that were then to be found in translation in England. But before the end of the seventeenth century the works of Shakspere had themselves, in their native form, crossed the Channel. Two copies (only two) are known to have been in France. One was in the library of Louis XIV. himself (between the years 1675 and 1684); the other was in that of the great *surintendant* Fouquet, and an inventory of his books shows that it was priced at one "sol"; it was perhaps the folio that now sells for 15,000 francs. In the catalogue of the King's library, the librarian wrote beside the title an appreciation, in four lines, of the author's genius; it was the first French judgment pronounced on Shakspere, and it saw the light only ten years ago, at the hands of M. Jusserand. It was in 1685 that (as far as is known) Shakspere's name was first printed in France, and his name only. It appears in a list of thirteen English poets, English writing poets.

Just at this moment, when classic art had reached its highest point in France, serious doubt regarding this form of art had insinuated itself into some minds. From the Academy itself, the stronghold of literary conventions, came one of the most remarkable protests, in the form of dialogues written by Charles Perrault (equally well known as the author of the charming fairy-tales of our childhood). These dialogues were a series entitled 'Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes,' which appeared in 1688 and the following years, and was the first scene in the first act of the famous so-called "Quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns." At the conclusion of this opening campaign, success perched on the banners of Perrault and his associates, and respect for antiquity and the consequent imitation of it was henceforth not an obligatory virtue in modern literature. This quarrel did not concern itself especially with the drama, and it is probably for that reason that M. Jusserand takes little notice of it; but it can hardly be questioned that the opinions which gave rise to the discussion were connected with the decline at the end of the seventeenth century of the dramatic art in France. After "Athalie" in 1691 it may be said that, throwing out the theatre of Crébillon, there was no French play deserving attention till the "Brutus" of Voltaire, written in England under the influence of Shakspere, in 1727.

Voltaire went to England in 1726; three

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years later he returned, accompanied by Shakspere. All that was known about Shakspere in France was of the most trivial importance till Voltaire published in 1734 his 'Lettres sur les Anglais,' better known as 'Lettres Philosophiques.' In these he wrote of the various religious sects in England, of the English government and English commerce, of inoculation, of Bacon and Locke and Newton, and also of tragedy and comedy and of the men of letters of the day. All these subjects had been treated of before in France, but not by Voltaire, not by any voice that gained attention. Yet, unobserved, a veritable Anglomania had taken root which was to reach astonishing proportions. One of the first of the "Anglomanes" was the Abbé Prévost, author of the famous 'Manon Lescaut' and a hundred other romances of more or less merit. In one of these, the 'Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité,' the "impressions de voyage" of the Abbé himself appeared, in 1728. He speaks of England as "not well enough known," and he describes in a very friendly spirit not only London but the cities of the provinces and the English castles and universities; and he becomes enthusiastic about the English drama, and particularly about Shakspere.

In the Letters, Voltaire says of Shakspere: "He had a genius full of power and fruitfulness, of naturalness and sublimity, without the least spark of good taste, and without the least knowledge of the rules. . . . The merits of this author have ruined the English theatre." And after high praise of Addison he continues: "Since Addison's day the English stage has become more regular, the spectators more critical, the authors more correct and less bold"; adding, with an accent of regret: "It seems as if the English were as yet capable of producing only irregular beauties. The brilliant monstrosities of Shakspere are a thousand times more agreeable than the modern perfection"—praise that was heard with patriotic indignation in France. His sense of the nature, the power, and the life to be found in the best parts of the English stage is summed up in a phrase of which, M. Jusserand declares, even the enthusiasts of 1830 would not have desired to change a word: "The poetic genius of the English resembles now a thickly leaved tree, planted by nature, throwing out at haphazard a thousand branches and unequally increasing in size and strength. It dies if you try to bend its nature and to cut it into shape like the trees of the gardens of Marly." But this phrase had not on the lips of Voltaire the same weight of meaning as to the enthusiasts of 1830. The 'Lettres Philosophiques' and their author belong to an age when in matters of art the trees of the gardens of Marly were the ideal.

From this moment the knowledge of Shakspere spreads in all directions. The voice of Voltaire reaches everywhere and excites interest of one kind or another. Henceforth the public requires of travellers in England that they should speak of the author of "Hamlet." The Abbé Prévost continued to proclaim his ardent admiration, much more ardent and unreserved than that of Voltaire, but which attracted much less attention. The audacious Abbé even dared to maintain that it was not to be regretted that Shakspere had not been familiar with the ancients. Another abbé, the Abbé Le Blanc, devoted a number of his 'Letters,' published at The Hague in 1745, to detailed studies of the genius of Shakspere, but in his eyes ignorance of "the rules" had ruined this admirable genius, "one of the greatest geniuses that have ever perhaps existed," "but who unfortunately has not produced a single work that can be read from beginning to end." But the Abbé Le Blanc deserves to be honored, if for this alone, that he was the first man in France to take into account the incomparable magic of the style of Shakspere; he recognized that Shakspere spoke a language which belonged to him alone, and that makes translation of him almost impossible.

The first attempt at translation of the works of the master was made, in the same year with the Letters of the Abbé Le Blanc, by La Place, a dramatic author whose name is scarcely known outside France. It was impossible to think of translating all, and the courage of La Place carried him at first only through two volumes of very weak, dim, attenuated, but still meritorious reproductions. They were prefaced by a well-written discourse on the English theatre, in which the translator asks not so much that his readers should be won to admiration as to knowledge, that they should learn how it is that "Shakspere has charmed his countrymen by methods that no French author has known how to practise." M. Jusserand gives a careful analysis of this Discourse, which at times has something of eloquence, and which contains a remarkable prediction of the importance that romance-writing was soon to acquire and of the influence this would exert upon the stage. The appeal of La Place to his readers was readily responded to. Two more volumes were asked of him, in which he added to the twelve plays he translated analyses of all the others, thus giving a general review of the whole body of Shakspere's production.

During the twenty years after his return from England (1730-50), Voltaire, whose work contains almost all that is of importance in the tragic writing of his time, is constantly occupied with Shakspere and influenced by him. The English dramatist remains a monster in his eyes, but a monster that at one and the same time attracts and terrifies. But when, during the next twenty years, he saw this monster, whose power he had himself revealed to his countrymen, gaining influence over them, the lover of the classical drama, co-lodger in his brain with the revolutionist, sprang to arms. The position acquired by Shakspere in France was one against which both their selfish vanity and the national pride of Voltaire revolted, as well as, sincerely, his æsthetic taste. It seems absurd in such a connection to speak of selfish vanity, but it is unquestionable that the adulation Voltaire had received, and in large measure deserved, had affected his judgment of his own greatness, and that from an essential lack of generosity he never enjoyed hearing the praises of other great men, whoever they might be—Euripides, Corneille, Petrarch, Milton, or most especially Shakspere, whom he rightly laid claim to having discovered. He had been the first, in his own words, to exhibit to the French "the few pearls to be found in this enormous dung-heap," and now to see "ce Shakspere, si sauvage, si bas, si effrené, et si absurde," regarded as the sole model of true tragedy, excited in the fiery octogenarian autocrat a slowly kindling, but presently flaming wrath, which broke forth in 1776 in an open declaration of war. The immediate occasion was the publication, under the patronage of the court and many notabilities, of the complete translation of Shakspere by Le Tourneur. The auspices under which it appeared made it a European event, as had also been, three months before, the great Shakspere Jubilee at Stratford. The first attack was the famous letter of Voltaire to the Academy pleading "the cause of France," and read in solemn session by the beautiful voice of his friend D'Alembert, the Secretary of that august body. The triumph that day of Voltaire was complete. But he considered a second campaign indispensable, and two years afterwards he came himself to Paris to make a final incursion into the enemy's country with a second letter to the Academy. Exceptional honors were bestowed on him, not only by his academic confrères, but by his admirers of the gay world and by the actors of the Comédie-Française, who performed his last work, his classic "Irène," to a wildly enthusiastic audience; his adorers seized "la chère idole" in their arms as he entered the theatre, and carried him to his box, where a few moments later he was crowned with laurel. Three months only afterwards he died.

Shakspere was now known to every Frenchman; he was to be found in every library and every drawing-room; but as yet only in masquerade costume in the theatres. No play of his own was performed, but there was soon an immense series of adaptations of his plays—a "Romeo and Juliet" which ends joyously, a "Hamlet" in which the Prince of Denmark carries about "l'urne redoutable" that contains the ashes of his father. Of these unconscious caricatures the greater number were made by Ducis, well known through Sainte-Beuve's delightful articles about him; Ducis, the most ridiculous of writers and the most charming of men, and the most passionate admirer of Shakspere. The success of his strange productions was great, and was not wholly dependent on the "mœurs fluettes" of the period. They outlived the Revolution, were acted under the Consulate and the Empire, and even at the Restoration; what was more, they survived the Romantic whirlwind, but from that time their popularity diminished, and they have now disappeared for ever. With the Revolution, everything changed in the real world; nothing changed in the mimic world of the theatre. Under the Consulate, Shakspere was as displeasing to Chateaubriand as to Voltaire. The classical methods continued under the Restoration, and Stendahl in 1823 found affairs exactly where Voltaire had left them, and took up the quarrel on the opposite side. That year Shakspere was played in English in Paris and was hissed.

But 1830 was approaching, and arrived. Victor Hugo sent forth his manifestos, Delacroix was at the head of a bevy of excited artists, Théophile Gautier, at once the most brilliant and the most "romantic" of critics, did yeoman service; French verse, and with it French tragedy, were freed from their bonds. It was the end of an epoch, the achievement of complete liberty—or at least all the liberty that was wished for. The enemy, in acknowledging the victory of the barbarians, ascribed the success to Attila-Shakspere. There can be no question that he contributed to it; nor is it doubtful that he is to-day intelligently appreciated and highly honored by many French men of letters. Within a month Mounet-Sully has

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acted "Othello" at the Comédié-Française, in a translation by Jean Aicard; but it has taken twenty years' persistent effort on the part of both actor and translator to obtain the performance, and the success has not been brilliant. Shakspere is still, and will always remain, entirely a *foreigner* to the French people. His plays are not, and never will be, "popular" on the French stage. The national taste remains always the same, and M. Jusserand's last sentence makes it evident that his own heart beats in sympathy with his countrymen in worship of their own gods.

Memoirs of Pliny Earle, M.D., with Extracts from his Diary and Letters (1830-1892) and Selections from his Professional Writings (1839-1891). Edited, with a general Introduction, by F. B. Sanborn of Concord, former Chairman of the Board of State Charities and Inspector of Charities. Boston: Damrell & Upham. 1898.

Dr. Earle was a distinguished and successful alienist, and his work as such is reported by Mr. Sanborn with generous and intelligent appreciation. If this were all, the book would be mainly interesting to specialists and to those who have friends afflicted with insanity, though, even so conditioned, it would deserve general attention, the treatment of the insane being a matter of such general importance. But this is not all, and if Dr. Earle had been a man of no professional repute, his experience of travel and society, as here set down, would give the book an independent value that would justify its publication. Here are very serviceable memoirs for the future students of manners in the nineteenth century. For one thing they may, so much was Dr. Earle in Washington, do something to relieve the monotony of reference to John Quincy Adams's 'Diary.'

Mr. Sanborn has not done a better piece of biographical work. If it is somewhat discursive, it is far less so than his 'Thoreau,' and his subject is entertained more simply than in that or the S. G. Howe and Alcott books. So deeply involved was Mr. Sanborn in the anti-slavery conflict that his references to that are always interesting, though Dr. Earle's anti-slavery sentiment was very weak in proportion to his opportunities for knowing anti-slavery people. The better-informed may resent some of Mr. Sanborn's footnotes as superfluous, as when he gives a sketch of Daniel Webster; but if he errs in this direction, it is on the right side. The ignorance of the general reader is more easily underrated than exaggerated. A very real exaggeration is that where Dr. Samuel G. Howe is spoken of as "the chief philanthropist of a philanthropic age."

Mr. Sanborn's introduction gives a tragical account of the progress of humanity in the treatment of insane persons. Since Pinel, with the consent of Couthon, the French Revolutionist, unchained the inmates of Bicêtre in 1793, the tender mercies of the reformers have been cruel. Some of these, as for example, "the tranquillizing chair," of which we have a description in one of Dr. Earle's chapters on the German asylums, he thought as bad as the chains it had superseded, if not worse than those. Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia was an alienist reformer in his day, but bleeding was his strong point, and his "moral treatment" supplemental to this consisted of the strait-waistcoat, the "tranquillizing chair," privation of food, pouring cold water into the coat-sleeves, the shower-bath for fifteen or twenty minutes, and "the fear of death." Many of those who followed Dr. Rush owed their partial successes more to the native vigor of their minds than to improved methods. One of the most important of Dr. Earle's services was to disabuse the public mind of the fallacy that insanity is easily cured. Furthermore, "Personal favor and political interests came in to promote the claims of the inexperienced and self-seeking, . . . and the sound principles of the elder alienists, favoring small asylums and greater personal care, were soon set aside, at first on the ground of economy and expediency, and then because great asylums involved larger powers and wider 'patronage' in the hands of politicians, medical or administrative." To combat these tendencies was an important part of Dr. Earle's activity. His ideal asylum would not contain more than 200 or at most 250 patients, and in his later years he had kindly leanings to the Scotch system of isolation in the care of people of trustworthy ability and humanity. Monster asylums and extravagant expenditure (evil fruits in part of Miss Dix's passionate philanthropy) found in Dr. Earle an opponent whose habitual geniality did not prevent his striking hard when there was need of a good stunning blow.

Dr. Earle was born in Leicester, Mass., in 1809, a year extremely rich in much more famous men. The "first citizen" of Leicester, Samuel May, contributes a letter of valuable reminiscences of Dr. Earle and his family. Seeing that Dr. Earle's *magnum opus* was an 'Earle Genealogy,' Mr. Sanborn has shown much self-restraint in referring his readers to that instead of drawing on it freely. The character of Dr. Earle's relatives reminds us of the comment of an English friend, "All you Americans who have done anything seem to be blood-relations." Dr. Earle's mother was Patience Buffum, a sister of Arnold Buffum, one of Garrison's "great allies," whom Thoreau describes, "with his broad face and a great white beard, looking like a pier-head made of the cork-tree with the bark on, and as if he could buffet a considerable wave." Mrs. Elizabeth Buffum Chace, one of the noble company of anti-slavery women, was Dr. Earle's cousin, and it was his brother, Thomas Earle of Pennsylvania, who was candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the first Liberty Party ticket, and who edited the Life of Benjamin Lundy. Pliny's journals and letters are extremely rich in references to people prominent on the anti-slavery stage. The English abolitionists were largely recruited from among the Friends in England. Sixty years ago he saw much of them, the Gurneys, Frys, and Buxtons and their set. Pliny Earle seems never to have been a thorough-going Friend either in his religious or philanthropic interests—his specialty excepted.

Soon after his graduation in Philadelphia in 1837, Dr. Earle went to England, and there enjoyed a vogue much heightened by his anti-slavery associations. He heard with regret that Sarah Grimké had introduced a resolution on the rights of women into an anti-slavery convention. Of Elizabeth Pease, his informant, he wrote that she was "the most beautiful of all the young Quakeresses" he had met in England. Though he never married, he was remarkably susceptible to the beauty of women and often fell in love. Miss Pease seemed to him "no longer a true Quaker in principle," but "a Tory as regarding the national Church, the peerage, and all the relics of feudal times"—a surprising account of a woman who was already in sympathy with Garrison. Abby Kelley, whose name Mr. Sanborn misspells with some others, "as a practical contender for the rights of woman," arouses our Friend's opposition; but if women "can do more good in this way than otherwise, let them go on; and I bid them godspeed."

From England Dr. Earle went to the Continent, and travelled widely in France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Turkey in the years 1838 and '39, his interest in the insane asylums of these countries foreshadowing the characteristic business of his life. The first indication of his future career is in a letter of September, 1837, written after conversing with Samuel Tuke, manager of a Quaker asylum in Yorkshire, on the predominance of insanity among Friends and the cause of it. His accounts of the reformed methods of the great Paris asylums are sickening. The douche was the great *moral* artifice, one of the managers being a son of the great Pinel. Returning to America, he had hardly established himself as a medical practitioner in Philadelphia when he was invited to take charge of a small Quaker lunatic asylum. This circumstance probably had much to do with his lifelong predilection for small asylums, and it enabled him to experiment with his ideas as he could not have done as a subordinate in a large establishment. His resolve not to deceive his patients was soon formed. At this time he had quite a turn for literature, writing for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and being welcomed by Poe to write for another, which never saw the light. He was not a little taken in the snare of the phrenologists, and we have a most amusing account of a patient's mind in the terms of that pseudo-science.

Early in 1844 he took charge of the Bloomingdale Asylum in New York, and remained there five years. At that time there were only 751 patients in all the asylums of the State; now there are nearly 22,000. A statistical history of the institution from 1821 was one of the best proofs of his administration, confirming, as it did, his various theories and methods of treatment. In 1849 he again became a student, going abroad, and in the summer and autumn of that year visiting thirty-five asylums—eight in Great Britain, the others on the Continent. The limits of his visit are not given, and, though we are told that his mother died on the day of his return, no date is written. He remained in Leicester until 1853, when he returned to New York for a year, and published his book on the German asylums. He soon returned to Leicester, and, for ten years, the best-fitted man in America to superintend an asylum waited for his opportunity, which came in 1864, when he was placed in charge of the asylum at Northampton, Mass., where, with some serious qualification, he was able to carry on his work according to the principles which had been steadily maturing in his mind. But he was not idle, either intellectually or socially, in the years of his comparative neglect. He travelled much and saw many places and people, and he writes of them in his journals and letters in a racy fashion. A whole chapter is given to a visit to Cuba, possibly justified by our present interest in that dependency. Much more interesting, however, is a visit to Charleston, S. C., where Dr. Earle's temper was much

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that of Thackeray: "Catch me speaking ill of people who have such good claret!"

There is an appendix containing some of Dr. Earle's most interesting papers, and extracts from others.

A History of Rugby School. By W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a new volume in a series characteristic of the time. Publishers are all nowadays bent on starting some "series" or other, which shall appeal to a particular interest or a particular audience; and, from the money-making point of view, it was a happy idea on the part of the original English publishers of this volume to set going an "English Public Schools" series. But such series have the defects of their qualities. This 'History of Rugby School,' for instance, is addressed primarily to old Rugbeians, who knew all about the daily life of the school as it was in their time; accordingly, it could hardly fail to indulge in scores of allusions unintelligible to the outside world. Moreover, the publishers very naturally seek to add to its attractiveness by intrusting each history to a master in that particular school; and, accordingly, they are likely to secure as their authors men who are doubtless good "scholars" and interested in the great foundations to which they are attached, but who have had little practice in writing and show little skill in narrative or exposition.

The book before us illustrates both these defects. It is more valuable than some others in the series, because the story which it tells of the fortunes of the school for the first two hundred years after its foundation is based upon a certain amount of independent investigation. But even what the author gives us that is new is not told with any lucidity; it would require a good deal of perplexed cogitation over the documents in the appendix to arrive at any more definite impression than this—that the early trustees were careless, and that there were some rogues among them.

The story of Rugby School, as it could be told, might be made an interesting chapter in the social history of England. There is, first, the founder, Lawrence Sheriffe, Queen's Grocer in the reign of Elizabeth, who establishes a free grammar school and an almshouse in close conjunction with it, for the benefit of the people of his birthplace. The faint suspicion of apology for the founder's occupation which haunts us in reading the first chapter shows that Mr. Rouse hardly appreciates what a "grocer" was then, nor what the position was of a Warden of the Grocers' Company, who was also Grocer to the court, in the spacious days of Queen Bess. Then there is the "one-third of the Conduit Close" in Holborn which Sheriffe fortunately put into the codicil of his will instead of a sum of money, and so "made the fortune of Rugby School." When and how this Conduit Close came to be built upon, would form a tale worth telling. The first speculator who saw the capabilities of the neighborhood was that Nicholas Barbon whom some recent writers have found out to have been a great economist. Then there is the village grammar school, with its increasing revenue from London rents, becoming, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a thriving boarding-school for the sons of the neighboring gentry. Here again Mr. Rouse seems just a little ashamed of the school's humble origin, and a little too eager to reach the time when it ceases to be "merely or chiefly a free school for the boys of the neighborhood." It is apparently with unmixed satisfaction that he arrives at the date when "the names are arranged into two columns, foundationers and non-foundationers being kept apart. Of the twenty-six boys entered in 1675, nearly half lived at a distance from Rugby, and were not foundationers" (p. 86). People can persuade themselves of much, but, with the "Intent" actually printed in the Appendix, it is surprising that Mr. Rouse should hereupon tell us that "the good intent of the religious founder was in a way to be more fully realized" (p. 87). Without maintaining that Sheriffe meant his school to provide elementary education for the agricultural laborers of the parishes around Rugby, it is perfectly clear he did not in the least contemplate what came out of that codicil. Mr. Rouse might well have faced this—might have explained what were the new social needs that justified the change; what continued to be the number and what was the position of the foundationers; and what are the functions of that "subordinate school" which has recently been created out of the trust "to provide for the needs of the town." Finally, there is the great name of Dr. Arnold. Perhaps Rugbeians have been rather overdone with Dr. Arnold; and there is now a tendency, which Mr. Rouse shares, to lay more stress on the merits of his predecessors and successors. But our author hardly realizes that it is Dr. Arnold and 'Tom Brown's School Days' and Matthew Arnold's 'Rugby Chapel' which to most non-Rugbeians give the greater part of its interest to the school.

Of course, in a book like this, as we said in reviewing another of the series, there is much to amuse the careful observer of men and things. The great American public, which has so keen an eye for Anglomania, may be pleased to learn that, in the code of school-boy morals, "however muddy the road, no one but a 'swell'" (*i. e.*, we conjecture, a member of the Sixth) "is supposed to turn up his trousers at the bottom." And that even greater public which discusses the details of football will find the evolution of the Rugby game here set forth with sympathetic touch.

And now a word to the publishers. After they have completed their series, will they not think of a supplementary volume on the English Public Schools in general, and put it into the hands of some one who knows American conditions, and something also of the French and German schools frequented by the children of the "well-to-do"? For it is very probable that schools more or less modelled on the English public school are going to play an increasingly large part in the education of the American youth; and founders, masters, and parents want all the *intelligible* information they can get. One thing is borne in upon us as we contemplate the great English schools. It is the social position of the headmasters. This has been secured very largely—such is the charming illogicality of England—by the existence of an established church with offices of great dignity and considerable emolument. That a schoolmaster who has edited a hardly decent Greek play should be rewarded with a bishopric, has been a fancy that has delighted many a novelist. But it is the sober fact that for a century the most sure path to high ecclesiastical preferment in England has been to succeed as a schoolmaster, and the well-to-do classes in England have regarded it as perfectly fitting. That is one problem before us in America if we want to have great schools of the English type. With human nature as it is, we must hold out inducements, consisting not so much in salary as in public honor, which will attract to the profession men of first-class ability. We must somehow or other bring it about that a successful headmaster shall be as respected a personage—by the parents of his boys—as a Senator or a railroad president.

The Structure and Classification of Birds. By Frank E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898. Large 8vo, pp. xx, 518, figs. 252.

If we were asked to name, among a multitude of ornithotomists who have contributed to the general result effectually, four authors who have most satisfactorily brought to book what is now known of the structure and classification of birds, we should cite A. H. Garrod, whose writings were collected in a memorial volume in 1881; Professor Fürbringer, whose 'Untersuchungen zur Morphologie und Systematik der Vogel' was published in 1888; Dr. Hans Gadow, with his contributions to Bronn's 'Thierreich' and to Newton's 'Dictionary'; and Mr. Beddard in the volume now before us. One who should be familiar with these authors would need to undertake special researches of his own to extend his knowledge of avian morphology; and one who now wishes to be set abreast of the subject, by means of the most convenient handbook in the English language, may turn with confidence to his Beddard.

The author has occupied for many years the office of prosector to the Zoölogical Society of London, immediately succeeding Mr. W. A. Forbes, who was himself the successor of Garrod. In this position his opportunities for the dissection of birds have been exceptionally good, and he has made the most of them, working along the same lines as his two predecessors, whose results were his legitimate inheritance, and whose mantle he now wears. Each of his predecessors, in fact, had planned such a treatise as Mr. Beddard has prepared, when their respective careers were cut short by premature death. "I have," he says, "determined to make an attempt to carry out this plan of my two forerunners, and the present volume is the result."

Like most methodical and systematic treatises, the work is easy to describe and appreciate. It runs to p. 158 with a general sketch of bird structure, avoiding histological detail and elaborate description of anatomical facts not at present of much use in classification. But the main body of the book is an account of the special anatomical characteristics of the several leading groups of birds, now commonly called orders or suborders. The bent is thus practically taxonomic, and we get a summary anatomy for purposes of classification, of the greatest utility to the greatest number of ornithologists; for few of this class concern themselves with the internal structure of birds with any other end in view. We are given no formal bibliography of the subject, but the copious footnotes, on almost every page, point out the principal previous treatises on special points, and collectively amount to the required bibliographical references. We are

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sorry to see how few American names appear in this showing, and that the only one extensively quoted is a person whose best work is barely mediocre. Though Mr. Beddard's facts of bird structure are largely drawn from published memoirs, most of them have been verified by himself, especially in osteology and myology; and his command of existing materials has been immensely extended by original research. The clear illustrations, indispensable in any anatomical treatise, are very numerous; most of them have appeared before in the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society of London, in the *Ibis*, or elsewhere.

The integrity of any scheme of avian classification based, as are all the schemes which have any vogue nowadays, upon morphology, is a thing apart from the validity of such anatomical facts as may be adduced to support it. Taxonomy is still a matter of expert opinion; the key to evolutionary processes remains at the bottom of the well, and each may draw his own conclusions from indisputable premises. The day of confessedly artificial systems, hardly more than indexes to chaotic facts, is happily long past; but the time is not yet come for ornithologists to agree upon the interpretation of their facts on the theory of evolution they all profess. The steps by which we have progressed from obviously unnatural classifications towards those seeming to be more and more natural, have invariably been marked by too great insistence upon some special set of anatomical characters. Take Huxley's classification for an egregious example of what we mean. He set forth a system based upon the structure of the bony palate, in the most masterly manner, with all the forcefulness of perfect exposition; yet the groups he devised on this basis have stood or have fallen according to their coördination or lack of coordination with groups founded upon less special considerations. Garrod and Forbes both insisted strenuously upon presence or absence of an ambiens, and correlated arrangements of other muscles of the legs; upon colic cœca and plumosity or nudity of the oil-gland; and upon a few other features regarded by them as of prime taxonomic significance. That they went too far in this way, and gave us some bizarre collocations and sequences, no one now doubts.

Mr. Beddard belongs to their "school," as we have said, but he is less extreme and more judicious; he adopts the most reasonable views of his teachers, but also thinks for himself, and has produced on the whole a better system. Not all ornithologists will adopt his thirty-six ordinal groups, nor follow his sequences, especially the intercalation of *Accipitres* between *Ichthyornithes* and *Tinami;* while the appearance of *Stereornithes* in his system simply perpetuates a blunder. The prime division, *Anomalogonatæ* (including *Striges!*), for the Passerine and Picarian groups, is duly set forth, but we do not find the antithetical *Homalogonatæ*. Our author does not finish the game of battledore and shuttlecock with several disputed forms; lapses on gallinaceous groups, is obscure on saurognathism and at a loss among limicolines, and makes some misstatements regarding cormorants and swifts. But it would obviously take us too far afield to go into detailed criticism on any such points. We believe that most of Beddard's groups will receive the assent of most ornithologists as natural and definable; they are all defined by him, with much additional description of their anatomical peculiarities, as clearly as and more conveniently than we have found them to be treated elsewhere. This is a boon in itself, enabling us readily to agree or disagree with our author, and form our own conclusions.

It should be observed here that the absolute taxonomic rank of Beddard's ordinal groups is something aside from the naturalness of such divisions. Nothing is more certain than that the so-called class *Aves* is so compact and homogeneous that its extreme members differ less among themselves than do the several orders of reptiles. Birds are therefore no more than an order of a higher class of vertebrates, and their subdivisions have lower taxonomic rank than the so-called orders and families in other vertebrate classes. But if we assume a class *Aves*, as we all do, the division of birds into orders, families, and so on becomes a necessary classificatory device.

Returning, in conclusion, to our main contention above indicated, we venture the assertion that Beddard's groups will stand or fall, not according to the convenience of the definitions he gives of them, based upon the particular characters he employs, but upon their agreement or disagreement with the affinities or genetic relationships which are indicated by the totality of any bird's organization. The possible classification of the future will rest upon a morphological sum of characters, without insistence upon the taxonomic preponderance of any one of the factors in that sum.

The book is ill indexed and well printed. The page has a somewhat glaring effect upon the eye, from the needless printing of all personal names in small capitals, together with the incessantly recurring italics for technical terms. But this is a very small blemish, perhaps offset by some advantage, and we are not looking for smooth literature, but for sound science and ready reference, in a book of this character. Needless it may be to close by saying that the treatise becomes indispensable to every working ornithologist; but we give ourselves the pleasure of making this best of all possible commendations.

Lectures and Essays on Natural Theology and Ethics. By William Wallace. Edited by E. Caird. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. Pp. xxxix, 566. 1898.

The sad accident which cut short the career of the most literary, and therefore the most widely known, of Oxford's professors of philosophy has naturally inspired his friends with the desire to enshrine in a memorial volume such portions of his manuscripts as seemed to them most suited for publication; and it is as the outcome of such a desire that the present work must be regarded. It contains an excellent portrait of the late professor, a brief sketch of his life from the expert pen of the Master of Balliol, notes which Wallace prepared for the Gifford lectures delivered in Glasgow University in 1894-'95, (undated) essays, presumably connected with his professional lectures, which take their titles from some of the chief problems of moral philosophy, and three or four critical appreciations of modern philosophic writers, of which some appeared as reviews in Wallace's lifetime.

In so much matter there is much that is readable, a good deal that is interesting, not a little that is brilliant; but, on the whole, the importance of the compilation is hardly commensurate with its bulk, and it will probably prove something of a disappointment to those who expected from Wallace constructive work worthy of his brilliance in criticism and exposition. This result is no doubt mainly due to the difficulties which Wallace's method of work bequeathed to his editor; for while he lectured most admirably from the scantiest of notes, he was yet a most fastidious and painstaking craftsman in working up whatever he deemed worthy of publication. But the manuscripts out of which the present volume has been made up represent, for the most part, neither his finished literary work nor his impromptu lectures; and though the editor vouchsafes us only very scanty information as to their real character, we can easily suppose that Wallace himself would not have regarded them as forming more than the raw material for a book. Hence the sufficiently glaring defects of this volume. The essays on natural theology are avowedly fragments of a larger discussion. The essays on moral philosophy are a torso, of which the parts rarely make an attempt at artistic rounding off. And, throughout, great improvements might have been effected in matters of compression, digression, arrangement, and connection. It would have been well if the editor had exercised a large discretion in these respects, and it would at least have been politic to provide the reader with a more adequate guide through the labyrinth of argument than is supplied by the headings of the chapters. As it is, large tracts of the book present the appearance of having been pieced together in virtue of a general affinity of their subjects rather than of logically belonging together. This effect is, doubtless, mainly due to the conditions of publication, but it is doubly unfortunate in that it suggests an element of self-knowledge in Wallace's complaint, quoted by Dr. Caird (p. xxiv.), about "the wretchedly episodic character" of his mind.

We must not search the present volume for a systematic account of Wallace's philosophic convictions; its tendency is rather to confirm an impression that Wallace was happier in interpreting the thoughts of others than in stating his own. Not that he leaves any doubt as to the character of his predelictions —he is constantly repeating the familiar phrases of a Hegelian of "the Right"—with, it may be added, the usual ominous hints at times of the ease with which he could glide over to "the Left," and descend to depths of naturalism which would leave no practical differences between this degenerate "idealism" and the "materialism" which it set out to combat. But all this is introduced by way of comment, suggestion, nay, innuendo. It is almost impossible to pin him down to anything definite, the more so as he allows himself a large license in seeing contrary sides of a subject, and generally follows up a significant statement which appears to commit him by a contrary one which appears to undo its work, and shows little consideration for less nimble-minded mortals who find it hard to follow the leaps of his logic. In so doing he of course only conceives himself to be practising the Hegelian sport of letting thesis meet with antithesis and engender synthesis; and if any one finds it hard to follow and complains, why, then he is to be numbered among "the wiseacres who love to criticise where it is hard to understand" (p. 170). The rebuke is crushing, but, in view of the infirmity of the finite intellect,

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it would be well if the process could be rendered somewhat more evident, and the public were, merely as a guarantee of good faith, occasionally permitted to see how the synthesis issues from the conjunction of thesis and antithesis. Wallace's great powers of literary exposition seemed peculiarly to fit him to perform the function of a hierophant in such matters; but unfortunately he also does not avail himself of his opportunities; his synthesis is always performed out of sight and has to be taken on trust; the Hegelian faith remains based on assurances concerning things unseen.

For these reasons the most satisfactory portion of the book will probably be found in its concluding essays, especially in those dealing with Lotze and Nietzsche. Indeed, Wallace seems quite at his best in estimating Lotze, whose character lends itself to appreciation by his critical method. In Nietzsche's case he hardly, perhaps, brings out into sufficiently bold relief the fact that Nietzsche was essentially of the brood of the giants who from time to time are impelled to insane attempts to storm the strongholds of Olympus, and that his philosophy springs from a profound exasperation with the established order of the world, social, natural, and religious. It is perhaps not wholly ill that such revolts should occur; it is well also that they should fail; but the tragic *dénouement* of Nietzsche's actual life possesses at least a dramatic power and propriety which raises its æsthetic value immensely above Wallace's rather commonplace suggestion (p. 539-40) that if he had been able to continue his work, he would have outlived his attitude of revolt.

In conclusion, a word of recognition must be accorded to the literary excellence even of the less elaborate portions of Wallace's writings, and the wealth of literary allusion which illumines his pages. American readers, however, will probably notice one curious slip (p. 162) which ascribes the authorship of the finely progressive sentiment, that "they didn't know everything down in Judee" to John C. Calhoun. The shade of Hosea Biglow must surely rise in protest against this despoliation of John P. Robinson!

The Story of the Railroad. By Cy Warman, author of 'Tales of an Engineer,' etc. [The Story of the West Series.] D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. xix, 280.

One would hardly believe so much romance and adventure of every kind was connected with the seemingly prosaic business of extending railways into the Far West. But Mr. Warman has made the story far more interesting than the average novel, and, when he has told it, we wonder that we had not seen what a wealth of curious and interesting matter was implied in opening transcontinental ways for civilization through the Great American Desert and around its flanks upon the north and the south. The origin of the idea was in the brain of those who passed for dreamers and visionaries, and who were in fact visionaries in so far as they repeated, in a way, the older notion that the wealth and the trade of the Indies were to make rich those who found the shortest track around the world. The truth was not at first apprehended that the local trade, made by rapidly advancing civilization, would be the financial justification of the vast schemes, and that international commerce would prove only a drop in the bucket.

The dissolving views begin with the boundless plains peopled by the scattered Indian tribes following the countless herds of buffalo as they roam north and south along the base of the Rockies. Then come the faintly marked trails of the trappers, feeling the way by the woodsman's instinct to the lower and more practicable passes over the backbone of the continent. The gold discoveries on the Pacific Coast turn the trails into wagon roads, roughly engineering the footpaths into possible routes for loaded wagons over the shoulders of the mountains, or zig-zagging from water to water across the arid and alkali-crusted desert. The engineer with transit and level is not far behind, and the enlightened daring of business enterprise is ready to risk millions in coöperation with broad national policy in penetrating the waste places with the two or three pioneer lines of railway which, in a generation, have already grown to a great network of steel tracks that are rapidly abolishing the desert.

Mr. Warman's volume seizes this wonderful picture in its totality, and makes us feel and hear the rush of modern civilization. It gives us also the human side of the picture—the struggles of the frontiersman and his family, the dismay and cruel wrath of the retreating savage, the heroism of the advance guard of the railway builders, and the cut-throat struggles of competing lines. He does not deal greatly with statistics, but the figures he uses help make up the stunning effect of gigantic enterprise. There is not a dull page in the book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Altgeld, J. P. Live Questions. Chicago: G. S. Bowen & Son.
American Art Annual. 1898. Macmillan. $3.
Ansorge, W. J. Under the African Sun. Longmans, Green & Co.
Barr, Amelia E. I, Thou, and the Other One. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Barwise, Sidney. The Purification of Sewage. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.
Beale, Harriet S. B. Stories from the Old Testament for Children. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Benson, E. F. The Capsina. An Historical Novel. Harpers. $1.50.
Bernstein, Herman. The Flight of Time, and Other Poems. F. T. Neely.
Blow, Susan E. Letters to a Mother on the Philosophy of Froebel. Appletons.
Breul, Karl. Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Brown, Vincent. The Romance of a Ritualist. John Lane. $1.50.
Bruce, Prof. A. B. The Epistle to the Hebrews. An Exegetical Study. Scribners. $2.50.
Buckley, Arabella B. The Fairy-Land of Science. Appletons.
Cable, G. W. Strong Hearts. Scribners. $1.25.
Chamberlain, J. L. Universities and their Sons. Vol. I. Boston: R. Herndon Co.
Claretie, Jules. Vicomte de Puyjoli. R. F. Fenno & Co. 75c.
Cook, T. A. The Story of Rouen. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Crockett, S. R. The Black Douglas. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.50.
De Leon, T. C. Joseph Wheeler: Atlanta: Byrd Printing Co.
Diltz, H. P. Hollow Bracken. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
Dix, Beulah M. Hugh Gwyeth, A Roundhead Cavalier. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dodd, Ira S. The Song of the Rappahannock. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Dresser, H. W. Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing. Putnams. $1.
Dunbar, Paul L. Lyrics of the Hearthside. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Duncan, Sarah J. Hilda: A Story of Calcutta. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Farrand, Hiram A. Poems. Philadelphia: The Author.
Force, Gen. M. F. General Sherman. [Great Commanders.] Appletons.
Ford, W. C. Washington's Farewell Address. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50c.
Franklin, A. B. The Light of Reason. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 35c.
Gore, Rev. Charles. St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. A Practical Exposition. Vol. I. Scribners. $1.50.
Gorham, G. C. Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.
Gray, Zelma. Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley Essays. Macmillan. 25c.
Gregory, C. O. The Sultan's Mandate. An Armenian Romance. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Gunther, J. H. A. A Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students. Groningen: J. B. Wolters.
Hains, T. J. The Wind-Jammers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Hall, E. H. Papias and his Contemporaries. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
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